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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Chents of the Week.

A RETURN of the railway trouble came with dramatic suddenness at the beginning of the week. It was heralded by a grave and gloomy announcement by Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., of the imminence of a new crisis and the menace of breakaway strikes. The occasion was an offer by Sir Auckland Geddes of standard rates for grades other than locomotive men, who themselves won a favorable settlement by the threat of a strike. Mr. Thomas spoke of the offer as "final," and declared that it fell far short of expectations, that it would involve a reduction of 14s. a week in the earnings of some of the men, and that in general it presented an amazing contrast to the settlement secured by the locomotive men. On Tuesday, the announcement was made that an ultimatum had been sent to the Government, stating that the offer was rejected, and that failing a satisfactory reply by noon on Thursday a national strike would be called to take effect on Friday. The Cabinet acted quickly on the stimulus. Sir Eric Geddes, having assumed control over the railways, was deputed to invite the N.U.R. Executive to meet him and discuss the whole situation.

In brief the facts in the controversy are these. By the settlement of March the Government agreed to continue the payment of the full war wage of 33s. until December 31st, on condition that the question of the future standard wages for the various grades was left to be settled by negotiation before the end of the year. In the event of the new rates being lower than the old rates, plus war wage, it was provided that the question of maintaining part of the war wage should be reviewed at the end of the year. Having regard to this well guarded arrangement the attitude suddenly adopted by the Union executive seemed inexplicable. But in the letter accompanying the offer Sir Auckland Geddes gave the men the impression that the terms were "final" (and not merely "definitive") and must be accepted or rejected

on the spot. Obviously, if this was so the executive had a strong case. But a statement issued by Sir Eric Geddes on Wednesday tacitly assumed that discussion on several points was necessary and proper. As usual, the public was kept in the dark. If the Executive of the N.U.R. go on threatening these summary national strikes it is high time for them to depart from their customary secrecy. The public has a right to know the reasons which justify a threat to hold up its vital services at a few hours' notice. The meaning of the document is in dispute. The Government seems to have given it a harsher interpretation than it deserves, or the men thought it did. Then why is it not published and discussed? This practice of trade unionists and Ministers firing ultimatums at each other through the bodies of the hapless people has got to stop.

THE atmosphere of untruth and indecision in which the whole Russian affair is wrapped is appreciably darkened this week. It is now plain that the official communication which the Prime Minister's Secretary made to English correspondents in Paris in the name of the Supreme Council meant rather less than nothing at all. That the Supreme Council did not even discuss the subject is now admitted. But apparently the communication did not reflect the policy even of the British Government. The statement that the Russians would be left to work out their own destinies, provided they respected their neighbors' rights, ought to have meant that the policy of subsidizing the counter-revolution would cease. That is not the British Government's intention. A semi-official statement from the War Office, published on Wednesday, states categorically that our support to Denikin will be continued. Apparently Koltchak is to be dropped, and it may be true that he is resigning his functions as "Supreme Ruler." It is certainly true that our troops are really leaving Archangel.

But we feel less than convinced that the Murmansk Coast is going to be evacuated. The advance from this front along the shores of Lake Onega continues, a route which has direct water connection with Petrograd. The Supreme Five have decided at last to allow Koltchak's Tchecho-Slovaks to return to Europe. That other body of condottieri, the German legion under von der Goltz in Courland, remains, however, obstinately at its post, in spite of a series of ultimatums. The men are there because they have been promised land in the Baltic The officers, however, may have other ends in view-either to seek fortune as a force hired out to Koltchak, or else to be at hand to restore Kaiser. In any event and on the least romantic view, they are interlopers and adventurers whose armed menace is a disturbance to the peace of the whole North-East. It is a mystery that the resolute Marshal Foch does not deal with them.

WHETHER Mr. Lloyd George's impulse to be quit of the "Russian adventure" has outlasted the week or not, it is evident that the zeal of Mr. Churchill does not flag. He took the chair on Tuesday at a meeting for the

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press in the War Office, at which a Mr. Dukes, a British secret agent lately returned from Petrograd, gave an obviously colored lecture with the duty of further intervention as its moral. The "Times" printed on Tuesday a story from Helsingfors to the effect that Mr. Dukes had been personally present at the torture and execution of three officers by Bolsheviks. This tale was denied, but his stories that German merchants in Russia are selling foodstuffs in Russia, since America gives them more than they require, are almost as palpably false. If Mr. Churchill bases his policy on the reports of such agents, its vagaries become intelligible. The serious aspect of this rally of the interventionist school is that it has apparently succeeded already, or seems likely to succeed, in preventing the conclusion of peace between Esthonia and the other Baltic States and Soviet Russia. The negotiations opened at Pskoff have been broken off, because the Esthonians would not act without the other Their terms seem to have been high, for they included the surrender of the Russian fleet, and the occupation by some "neutral" Power of a big buffer A French general has been sent to the Baltic, presumably to stiffen the resistance of the Esthonians. They are said, however, to be waiting for an indication of British wishes which does not come, presumably because the impulses of Mr. Lloyd George and the strategy of Mr. Churchill neutralize each other.

MR. CHURCHILL, who pinned his faith to Koltchak and the Siberian campaign during the spring and early summer, has now transferred all his hopes to Denikin. But even he (or the author of the official statement) does not profess to believe that Denikin can reach Moscow this summer. The prospect then is that we are committed to supporting this "adventure" for yet another year, with the consequence that the millions of our subsidies must run on from month to month, and that Petrograd under our blockade must starve through the winter without fuel or food. Some decision between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George there must be, but not even a new flood of unsifted atrocities will swing public opinion back to the support of a policy even of vicarious intervention. Denikin is evidently a capable general, and with the aid of our tanks and supplies, his cause is thriving. But even this week's news reminds us that his military successes leave the politics of Russia as unstable as ever. There is now open war between Denikin's Imperial armies and the nationalist Ukrainian forces under Petliura, and the Poles have been called in to help in destroying Ukrainian independence. All the Borderland peoples, in short, are as bitterly opposed to our Imperial Russian Allies as they are to the Bolsheviks. The rôle marked out for us is not to promote these devastating feuds, but rather to encourage the non-Russian States to seize this moment, when the Bolsheviks are eager for peace, to secure their independence.

The secret history of this war is appearing in instalments, a method of illumination which makes a balanced judgment difficult. The Austrian Red Book is evidently as interesting as the Russian disclosures, and it clearly places Count Berchtold, the Magyar who conducted the foreign policy of the Dual Monarchy, in the first rank among the guilty authors of the war. So far as one can judge from the telegraphed summaries, the Austrian war-party stood in no need of incitement from Berlin, though incitement was not lacking. The basis for the rumors of a "Crown Council" so often affirmed and denied, was evidently an Austro-Hungarian

and not a Potsdam meeting. At this, Count Berchtold, on July 7th, pronounced for instant action to force war on Serbia. Count Tisza, whom diplomatic circles have always regarded as one of the prime authors of the war. was on the contrary the sole opponent of a war policy. The Polish Minister, Baron Bilinski, was as bellicose as the Magyars and Germans. At this meeting Count Berchtold was able to announce that Germany was behind him. A despatch from the Austrian Embassy in Berlin quotes the Kaiser's opinion on July 5th, that the occasion was favorable for radical dealing with Serbia, and conveys his definite promise that Germany would stand by her ally even if war with Russia resulted. In this opinion the Chancellor concurred. It turns out, however, to be true that the actual ultimatum to Serbia was not concocted with German aid, nor even shown to Berlin before its despatch.

THE next revelation is more startling. The old Emperor had no love, and perhaps no regret, for the murdered Archduke, and moreover, as the Kaiser said, he loved peace. This old man of eighty-four had to be brought into the intrigue. On July 28th, Count Berchtold reported to him that the Entente might still try to bring about peace, "unless a definite situation was now created by a declaration of war." He added that Serbian troops had fired from Danube steamers on Austrian troops at Temes-Kubin, and he accordingly forwarded to the Emperor for signature a declaration of war, on the ground that the Serbs had actually begun it. Later, when he had got the declaration, the Count, in the public document, struck out the reference to the fight on the Danube, "as the report had not been confirmed." There apparently was some fighting on the Danube, but according to the very brief and somewhat obscure report of the British Chargé d'Affaires at Belgrade, it looks rather as though it was the Austrians who were the aggressors. The "Arbeiter Zeitung" draws the conclusion that the Count deliberately deceived the Emperor in order to get his declaration of war. The episode is already compared with the famous case of the Ems despatch. It resembles even more closely the deception practised, at the same moment, for the same purpose, by General Sukhomlinoff, when in his own words he "lied to the Tsar" about the Russian general mobilization.

WAR with Serbia, however, did not necessarily mean a European war. There was still Sir Edward Grey's proposal in the way-that Belgrade should be occupied pro formâ and mediation invoked. Down to July 27th, Berlin is still backing Austria, and a despatch of that date forwards the earlier British proposals, but "is emphatically against regard being paid to them." There is much evidence, however, that Berlin changed its mind at the eleventh hour and suddenly reversed the enginesthe clearest evidence being the Kaiser's recently published letter to the Chancellor, to the effect that the Serbian answer wholly changed the position, and that at the most there should be a formal occupation on the Grey lines. The Red Book does apparently contain at least one despatch from Berlin in this sense, the wellknown (but hitherto uncertainly authentic) despatch of the 29th, which insisted very urgently on the acceptance of the British proposals in their later form. Here the revelations as telegraphed end. The next chapter is, of course, the even more controversial tale of the Russian mobilization. The guilt for the provocative handling of Serbia is of course as clear as day: there could have been nothing more deliberate. But the transition from d,

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punitive measures against Serbia to world war was certainly less deliberate, and there, to gross bungling and worse on the German side, must be added the deeds and the lies of the Russian war-party also. One further detail is instructive. It appears that King Nicholas of Montenegro really was in Austrian pay both before and after the war.

D'Annunzio still holds Fiume. A squadron of air-craft has joined him, and though the Italian warships which are supposed to be blockading him could blow the place to pieces, nothing happens to bring his adventure to an end. A party of Jugo-Slavs landed on the coast, apparently to attack him, but was defeated. Rumor states that Mr. Wilson has accepted the Lloyd-George-Clemenceau compromise that Italy may keep Fiume, if the harbor and railway go to the League of Nations. That, however, is not yet authentic news. The Serbs, meanwhile, have again declared in Paris that they will oppose every solution save a Serbian Fiume. The authority of the Council seems to be negligible. Mr. Wilson talks of "insubordination," but what of the Council's own weakness? It allows the Roumanians to remain in Budapest, and the "Manchester Guardian's" correspondent tells us that they are driving before them the last yokes of oxen even of the poorer peasants, and taking the very rings from the women's fingers, while the machinery which they are transporting is as often as not irreparably smashed in transit. Meanwhile, we are told that Sir George Clerk, who went personally to Bucharest, because the wireless would not work, may presently be back in Paris to report. If this dilatory procedure had been devised to please the raiders, it could not have been better conceived. There is just one man of action who knows his own mind among the Supreme But M. Clemenceau does not believe in the League of Nations, and is playing not for the prestige of supernational authority, but for the "policy of alliances" and the ascendancy of France. Mr. Balfour is hardly the man to cope with him.

ONCE more the hopes of our Protectionists are dashed to the ground. The demand of the motor manufacturers was subjected by Sir Auckland Geddes to a most scathing analysis and his reply was as "unsatisfactory" to the trade as Free Traders could desire. Not content with the protection of 331 per cent. they have got upon imported pleasure cars (which has enabled them to charge exorbitant prices for long-delayed deliveries), they asked for an extension of this valuable privilege to all commercial motor vehicles until the end of 1921, together with a limitation in the number of articles of each class to be imported. In other words, they proposed to be allowed to hamper the businesses and loot the incomes of the distributive and carrying trades of the country, to impede the development of agriculture by denial of cheap and abundant tractors, and to prevent doctors from getting cars for their professional use at reasonable prices. And all this, as Sir Auckland pointed out, at a time when, as a result of high freights, packing charges, insurance, and loss of exchange, they were already in possession of "an effective protection" equivalent to 45 per cent. on commercial vehicles, while their total protection in pleasure vehicles was over 88 per cent. It is not too much to say that a free, rapid expansion of light commercial vehicles is an essential to the revival of commerce and industry. This impudent demand of the motor trade is a particularly useful instance of the damage of any interference with liberty of importation at a time of scarcity like this.

THE national strike of ironfounders raises a very much wider problem than appears upon the surface. All the contradictory statements about it which are appearing in the Press arise directly out of the equivocal position not only of the ironfounders, but also of other Trade Unions. Wages are still regulated, in most industries, under the purely emergency machinery of the Wages (Temporary Regulation) Act, which was passed last November and expires in the November of this year. Although this Act deals only with the minimum rates which employers must pay, many of the trades under it are still governed by war-time agreements which involve the reference of wages questions to the Government Court of Arbitration. In fact, though not in law, this involves compulsory arbitration, to which most of the Unions are resolutely opposed. The ironfounders, in order to escape compulsory arbitration, terminated their agreements under which wages questions had to be referred to the Court of Arbitration, and tried to negotiate directly with the employer for permanent wage advances. They were met with a refusal, and an affirmation that they could not discuss wages until the Court of Arbitration had given its award on the claims of the other engineering Trade Unions, which are still parties to an agreement to appear before the Court. The strike is the direct issue of this entanglement.

The Wages (Temporary Regulation) Act, as we have said, is due to expire in November. But opinion is already being canvassed as to the desirability of renewing it for a further period. Many employers are contending that, even if prices remain at their present level, wages must be reduced. The Trade Unions, on the other hand, are by no means satisfied with the existing rates on the ground that, in terms of earnings, in some cases they fall below the pre-war wages. If the Government has a policy in this matter, it is high time for it to make it known. For again there is a dangerous drift.

\* THE strike in the American steel industry has now lasted a week. It appears to have affected about 50 per cent. of the 600,000 men employed, but trustworthy figures are not yet obtainable. Violent encounters between the strikers and the armed guards began immediately, and there is every prospect of an extremely bitter struggle. Mr. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, proclaims that the employers are standing for the principle of the open shop; in other words for war on trade unionism. It is significant that the Bethlehem Steel Company, which last year conceded collective bargaining, has so far been untouched by the strike. The cabled despatches lay stress upon the lack of cohesion between the foreign-born workers, who are mainly out, and the "straight Americans" who are said to be standing aloof. Mr. Gompers is taking no part in the strike, which is led by Mr. John Fitzpatrick, of Chicago, the most powerful Labor leader in the Middle West. He is not an extremist, but his opponents inevitably accuse him of playing up to Bolshevist elements among the foreign-born. The Labor Committee of the Senate has already begun an investigation into the antecedents of the strike, with the object of proving Bolshevist influence and the subversive aims of the hapless Industrial Workers of the World. But that is to do the work of the Overman Committee over again.

THE next instalment of M. Romain Rolland's satirical drama on war will appear in the following number of The NATION.

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# Politics and Affairs.

#### LIBERALISM AND LABOR.

In an interesting speech at Manchester last week, Lord Haldane expounded in some detail his view of the immediate future of British Government. He thought that the country was approaching the Continental plan of government by groups, and that an early dissolution might yield a Parliament consisting of 180 Liberals, 150 Conservative Unionists, 120 Labor Members, and 100 Members each for Ireland (Sinn Fein and Orangemen), for Mr. Lloyd George, and for the "young" Conservatism of Lord Robert Cecil. Lord Haldane thought this system a bad one, as, indeed, it must be if it leads to complete Parliamentary confusion. So he suggests the alternative of working for the revival of Liberalism. Only Liberalism must be free and it must be "new." While honoring the Victorian leaders, it must shake off the Victorian "tradition." "Minds" might not be proper subjects of socialization, but mines and the "arterial industries" were, provided the problem were thought out afresh, and we avoided the universally dreaded rule of the Omniscient and All-Meddlesome Civil Servant. Probably Lord Haldane has in view a form of Guild Socialism, based on the union of the hand and the brain workers. To that ideal, Liberalism and Labor, here and in America, would both seem to be tending, to their mutual advantage, for each would escape the special kind of tyranny it dreads. Labor would be free of the exploiting power of Capital, Liberalism of an irrational drive to higher and higher wages, conducted purely in the interests of the hand workers. If we have rightly interpreted Lord Haldane's thought, it is much in accord

But policies are one thing; the machinery of politics is another. And Lord Haldane's forecast ignores, or slights, two mechanical difficulties in the path of the friends of progress. The first is the division in Liberalism itself. The second is its division from Labor. Quite frankly Liberalism has not made up its mind between Mr. Asquith and Mr. George, any more, we imagine, than Mr. George has made up his mind about himself. In other words, it has not decided between a kind of neo-Imperialism and neo-Protection, with a Liberal tinge or under a Liberal mask, and a net reversion to the pure Liberal doctrine of self-determination, Free Trade, economy, and disarmament. So long as a gentleman can call himself a Liberal and yet uphold Coercion, or Protection, or a little of both, a certain mist hangs over the Liberal atmosphere. Nor is the horizon of its future entirely free from cloud. It is clear that the mining and transport industries will be socially managed. Mr. Pringle, who so well bears the Liberal banner at Rusholme, thinks so, and we imagine that three-fourths of intelligent Radicalism think with him. The question is not one of principle, but of industrial tactics, and yet it is likely to keep alive the antagonism between Liberal and Labor candidates. That, again, is not inevitable, as Widnes shows, but it is recurrent, as in the example of Rusholme. There is some incompatibility of temper and a mutual criticism of policy. "What is a Liberal?" asks the "Labor man" of the "Herald" school of thinking. "Cobdenism we understand and appreciate. But it is outworn and inadequate. What of its successor? Judge it by its fidelity, not to our principles but to its own. It had ten years of office. Within that period it drifted into the European War, made the Secret Treaties, introduced Conscription, abandoned Home Rule, and all but lost Free Trade. As for the Treaty, so far from influencing it for Liberalism and democracy, as our programme would have done, it has not yet mentioned it, while it left us and the independent Radicals to bear the brunt of the battle against the Russian expedition. We will discuss its ideas on reconstruction when it has any. Meanwhile we have enough to do to lead our millions away from the slavery of war and profiteering."

Now it is best to be frank and to admit that Liberalism is unprovided with any full rhetorical answer to this indictment. The war has left all the professional temples, political and religious, in ruins, and any new faith has the immense advantage over the old ones of never having been tried, and even of meaning more and better than they. But Liberalism-the Liberalism that this Journal tries to follow-has some advantages over Labor. Liberalism is the creed of open-minded men. It is not fixed to any traditional form of Government-neither to monarchy, nor aristocracy, nor even the capitalistic order. Founding themselves on freedom, Liberals can perpetually enlarge their conceptions of the truly free State, and build from them. They know more than Labor can possibly know of the actual business of running it, and their experience of the governing world provides them with a cure for some of its diseases. And the cure happens to be applicable to the worst complaint of all-which is the ruinous extravagance of the war and the society that war has made and bred. In other words, Liberalism speaks, or ought to speak, for all classes; while the Labor party, as it is at present constituted, speaks for one, and is inclined to treat every problem of State with exclusive regard for its interests. Some of the worst of the war jobs have either been defended by Labor men, or the attack on them has been left solely to Liberals. It is not clear that a Labor Government would ever condemn any war establishment whose closure involved any considerable dismissal of workmen, however unneeded. Could such a party be trusted to deal faithfully with disarmament? Or even with the Civil Estimates? It might; but the nation as a whole thinks differently, and would rather confide the vital task of retrenchment, and of the re-organization of finance, to the Liberals. Much the same applies to Parliamentary criticism. Democracy is a matter of organization, of adjustment. The machinery is completely out of gear, and running directly to a disorderly form of extra-Parliamentary Government. Labor does not seriously criticize this evil, fatal as it is to Labor's political force; probably, without Liberal aid, could not amend it if it would. In a word, political criticism and political construction are arts which Labor has not yet had time or opportunity to learn.

It would seem therefore that two confessedly imperfect parties, each moving in the same direction, might do worse than help and complement each other. It is unlikely that either Labor or Liberalism, by itself, can govern the country; it is very probable that together they can do it better than the present Ministry. Certain it is that there is a bad Government, which is running us fast on the rocks, and that it ought to be replaced. Again, by whom? Labor exercises power, as some think, wildly and with insufficient thought for the general good. But it possesses a purpose which if it can be woven into the social fabric, should bring to it a new, saving element of moral stability, no less than of physical energy. The task is immense, and its fulfilment calls for gifts of diplomacy, a knowledge of the art of government, and of the

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principles and processes of industry, which Liberalism, as the great middle-class party, does possess. If a treaty could be struck at the right moment between these jarring but not irreconcilable forces, one would be disposed to say, with confidence, that the immediate future was assured. Otherwise the country may find itself launched on uncharted seas and moving to an undiscovered haven. It may be worth the reaching, but the voyage is bound to be long and perilous.

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT SIBERIA.

What the public want to know about Russia more than anything else is the facts. And it is just these that the Government and the greater part of the Press are determined shall not be known. The account that follows here is based on a report written last June by an unimpeachable authority in Siberia. It will be seen that it confirms the worst that hitherto has been known or suspected.

On November 18th, 1918, Koltchak made his coup d'êtât, exiled or murdered in prison the members of the Constituent Assembly from whom he originally received his power, and created a military tyranny which has governed Siberia from that time onward. He undid all the work of the revolution, undemocratized the organs of local government, turned the popular militia into a gendarmerie of the old Tsarist type, dissolved the Workmen's Unions, banished their leaders, and suppressed their papers. The whole line of the Siberian and Amur railways, and all the towns and villages on them, and the whole of the Yenesei, Amur, maritime, and Irkutsk provinces are under martial law, as, of course, is the war-zone proper. What is implied by this may be realized from Army Orders which are in our hands. A single clause may be cited: "Take hostages from among the population, and in case of action hostile to the Government troops by the inhabitants of a village, shoot the hostages without mercy." We seem to remember similar doings by Germans in Belgium and by Bolshevists in Russia. We seem to remember that public opinion in England was indignant. But then Koltchak is our ally, and that makes all the difference!

In the provinces of the Transbaikal and Amur, government is carried on by two pensioners of the Japanese, Semenov and Kalmikov. They have now recognized Koltchak's Government and are thus part of his system. In addition to what they receive from the Japanese they support themselves by levying their cwn Customs, and relieving the ostensible Government of theirs! Semenov conducts a reign of terror the like of which has been unknown to Russia for a hundred years. Kalmikov has been described by General Graves, of the American Expeditionary Force (in an interview which appeared in the "Japanese Advertiser" of February last) as a "bandit and a murderer." He is known to have murdered some three thousand people in and around Habarovsk. Such are our friends and allies in the war for democracy and the rights of small nations!

The results of these doings are what might be anticipated. Originally, Siberia was hostile to Bolshevism. The population is entirely peasant and Cossack. It rose spontaneously against Bolshevism, and warmly supported the Czechs. But now the whole region is simmering with what is called "Bolshevism"—that is to say, with antagonism and armed revolt against the hideous counter-revolutionary tyranny of Koltchak. In West Siberia, in the Krasnoyarsk-Kansk area, the peasants last June had revolted to the number of 10,000. Against the insurgents only Cossacks and Czechs can be employed

because the Russian peasants desert to them. Koltchak is supported by perhaps 1 per cent. of the population. Of these supporters the military, bureaucratic, and clerical elements are frankly monarchist, and aim at a restoration of the Tsardom. To them belong General Yudenich and General Dietrickhs, now Commander-in-Chief of the Siberian armies. The view of these people is that they are carrying on a crusade against Russians who have been duped into Bolshevism by Antichrist, as personified by the Jews. The other wing of Koltchak's supporters calls itself a "bloc," and is a "rump," of the cadets and professional and commercial classes. The latter advocate the mobilizing of all workmen under martial law, the manufacturers to decide whether or no a man shall be transferred to active service. They hate the Czechs and mistrust the Allies. Their idea of the policy the latter ought to pursue is that they should recognize the Omsk Government unconditionally, without any nonsense about a Constituent Assembly, and should make a military expedition to capture Moscow. They are especially indignant at the notion of the independence of Finland, Poland, and Caucasia, and are, in fact, even more nationalists and imperialists of the old type than they are anti-Socialists. They do not love the Allies, any more than do the Bolshevists, and have a special animosity against the Americans, whom they suppose to have no other object than to destroy Russian commerce and industry and turn Russia into an economic colony of America.

The net result of Mr. Churchill's policy may be thus summed up. The Allied nations and Governments have earned (we might add deserve) the hatred and mistrust of all sections of the Russian people, for while they have been actively fighting the Bolshevists, they have failed to satisfy the cupidity, revenge, and imperialism of their reactionary allies. Whatever happens in Russia we may be pretty sure that there will be no goodwill on her part towards us. We have been starving the whole country, Bolshevist and anti-Bolshevist, for months past, and that without any shadow of legal justification, for we are not even formally at war. We have perpetuated a civil war which is devastating the whole country and which, so far as all probable evidence goes, would have ended long ago, but for our intervention, in a victory of the Bolshevists. Mr. Lloyd George, as we now know, was opposed to this policy from the beginning, but succumbed to the pressure of the French, determined by the interests of their bondholders, and his fear of the "Daily Mail" and its Unionist backers in the House

This gigantic crime (for it is nothing less) proves itself, day by day, to be also a gigantic folly and a gigantic failure. But Mr. Churchill has an idée fixe and to that must be sacrificed the honor and welfare of this country, the lives of millions of Russians, and the restoration and peace of the world. In order to support avowed and shameless reactionaries in Russia we have antagonized America, antagonized Labor throughout the world, antagonized (as more and more appears) the whole Russian nation, including those we are supporting by money and arms. And all this has been done by a few men working in the dark, contrary to what they well knew to be the sentiments and desires of the great bulk of the nation. Incidentally, parliamentary government has been discredited in England, and such a case made out for "direct action" as is not likely to be forgotten. Yet still, at the end of it all, Mr. Churchill remains in office, and, to all appearance, pursues his fantastic personal policy which we now know not to be that of the Prime Minister. Verily a strange ending of the war for

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#### DISARMAMENT.

"Reduce Government dockyards to a skeleton and send the shipwrights thus set free to rebuild the seven million tons of merchant ships that the Germans sent to the bottom of the sea. If we lose our supremacy in merchant shipping our country is lost. Sack the lot."—

Lord Fisher, in the "Times."

"Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety."—President Wilson's Fourth Point.

To contrast promise and performance, the Fourteen Paints and the Parisian Peace, has become a weary exercise in cynicism. There is no gain from the contemplation of failure, unless it drives to action. One half of Mr. Wilson's programme of disarmament has been most thoroughly fulfilled. Guarantees have certainly been "taken" for the disarming of our enemies. The 100,000 armed men allowed to Germany and the 20,000 permitted to Bulgaria do assuredly bring their armies to the lowest point consistent with safety. But what of the guarantees that were to be "given"? So far as we know, it is not proposed to act on that half of the undertaking. Most of the Allies will, of course, reduce their armaments in some degree. Imperative motives will drive them to it. If we must study economy, our comrades in the war are, one and all, in a still graver financial plight. Moreover, there is no working class in Europe which would consent after the peace to make the sacrifices which it bore, none too willingly, before it. Their reluctance to shoulder military burdens may vary with the degree of their civilization, but everywhere we shall witness one paradoxical result of victory. The victors will envy the vanquished. Even the people of Alsace and Posen may reflect that if they had remained within the German Republic they would have been spared conscription, while the people of Macedonia will compare their obligations unwilling Serbian subjects with the freedom from military service which they would enjoy in Bulgaria. The reductions in armaments or conditions of service will apparently be spontaneous and uncontrolled. Each Ally will do as it pleases, and as yet there is no sign that if the ruling class in Roumania or Poland, for example, should venture to impose the maximum, there will be any international machinery to call their decision in question. That will not be a tolerable state of things, and in the long run it might wreck the League of Nations. If it were to occur, for example, to the rulers of Roumania, that their highly remunerative raid into Hungary might be repeated to advantage in Bulgaria, how promptly could Paris stop them? There is doubtless a good deal of capital wealth south of the Danube which would bear the cost of transportation; the wireless messages of the Supreme Five are always subject to interruption, and Bulgaria's 20,000 men could offer no effective resistance. Given the slack discipline which prevails all over Europe, but especially in the East, is one-sided disarmament much more safe than it is equitable? As they contemplate Fiume, it is possible that even Allied statesmen regret that they forgot to "give" those guarantees for disarmament which they very faithfully "took." A great part of the Continent is passing through a paroxysm of militarist anarchy infinitely more destructive to civilization than the staid habitual militarism of the old armed peace.

If we may judge from the example of France, the scale of any reduction which is probable in the near future will be comparatively modest. The new official programme proposes to reduce the term of compulsory service to one year. It used to stand at two years, though it had just been raised under Russian pressure to three years on the eve of the war. The "active"

conscript army is thus cut down to 200,000 men, but this considerable reduction is balanced by the proposal to raise a professional army of no less than 150,000 men. There will be no saving of expense; there may even be an increase, and the working-class, which on the Continent dreads professional armies as our Whig ancestors used to do, will ask narrowly what its functions are to be. Will it always keep watch on the Rhine, or do sentry duty in the Colonies, or is it also an insurance against dangerous strikes and "direct action"? From the international standpoint, it will be difficult to argue that it is necessary to keep always under arms a French army of 350,000 men, to cope with a German army of 100,000 without reserves, staff, or modern armaments, while a ring of Slav States, each with its conscript army and modern equipment, surrounds it on the South and the East. The relative power in Europe of this French army, even after reduction, will yield a military ascendancy immensely greater than Berlin could command at the height of its prestige. That is a singular phenomenon at the close of the "war to end war."

If we were to press this comment, a Frenchman would retort with a question that might be even harder to answer. The Continent certainly is not a tranquil sphere: a glance at its present aspect does not reassure. But the seas look peaceful. Save at the mouth of the Neva, no gun is heard upon them. Without increasing our navy, we none the less have attained, by the destruction of the German fleet, a relative ascendancy even more startling than that of France on land. Our only possible rival is the Power whose ambition it is to lead the way into the new era of disarmament. The other navies are all third-rate, and all seriously out of date, while all of them lack in one degree or another the indispensable economic and industrial basis of sea-power. When no less an authority than Lord Fisher tells us that even this terrific instrument is already obsolete, and bids us regard it as sheer waste, what is it that stands in the way of a drastic reduction? Some minor retrenchment may perhaps be proposed. But there is no prospect here of any reduction larger than France has carried out in her army, and we shall be agreeably surprised if there is even so much.

The two problems, that of the land and that of the sea, must, we think, be studied separately. There are complications on land which have no analogy at sea. It is for one thing much easier to improvise an army than to build an emergency fleet. An alarmist might argue that if Germany, alone or with Russia, had only a few months of security in which to do it, she might, when her industries recover their old vigor (if that is ever possible) recreate her old army by a gigantic effort. Given the few months, perhaps the thing could be done. The bare possibility will affect men's nerves, if not their minds. Again, the territorial settlement of Europe has been so widely and flagrantly bad that no sane man would pretend to regard it as stable. Can the League of Nations, burdened with a vicious Covenant and unable to act at all unless it be unanimous, always maintain a status quo which it may be impotent to reform? Frankly we do not think it can, and unless the Covenant itself is amended so as to ease the way to territorial change, the peace of Europe is worth no long purchase.

But here again, the struggle, if it comes, will be on land. None of the discontented races has a fleet, and several of them have no access to the sea. If fleets ever again play an appreciable part in a European struggle, it will be only as a blockading squadron. That is not work for Dreadnoughts. In any future blockade, there would be no enemy fleet which could challenge the small cruisers or converted merchantmen engaged in the actual

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small actual police work. We can understand the man who knows what botched work Paris has done in German Bohemia, the Tyrol, the Saar, Eastern Galicia, Danzig, and Macedonia (to mention only the flagrant cases), foreseeing a future use for armies. But even if one despairs of the ability of statesmanship to redress or lighten these wrongs, it is hard to see why a great fleet should be wanted for the purpose of maintaining these iniquitious frontiers intact. Again, it would be foolish to omit in our survey of armies, the purpose which they serve in the minds of Mr. Churchill and Herr Noske and Lord Sydenham and many others. With armies, it is strangely argued, you may crush Bolshevism. That is, we are convinced, a boomerang use of armies. If you go far in that direction, you may live to see (as Mr. Lloyd George told the Supreme Four) a Soviet in London. None the less the prevalent delusion that armies are useful for this purpose must be taken into account when one discusses the prospects of disarmament. Our Churchills have succeeded in forcing Bolshevism to become moderately efficient as an "armed doctrine." But once more, there is even here no rôle for the navy.

What the ultimate solution of the military problem is going to be in Europe we confess we do not see. The small professional army, as we see it to-day in Germany, may become an irresistible and uncontrollable tool of the reaction. The solution of militias all round, on the Swiss plan, would be possible, however, only if a real peace existed, only on the basis of a stable territorial settlement, and only if the League of Nations were a reality. It is the Socialist solution, consecrated by the talent and vision of Jaurès, and the practical obstacle to it may be that other people besides the disciples of Jaurès perceive that it might remove a check to the development of Socialism. We incline to think that the solution of the military problem may have to await the creation of a much more democratic League of Nations, on the basis of a much less questionable map of Europe. For the postponement of a great measure of naval disarmament there is no cogent reason. It would follow at once from an agreement between the United States and ourselves, and that in its turn depends primarily on our readiness to subordinate the use of the blockade as an instrument of coercion to the decision of the League of While we hold ourselves free to use it at our own individual discretion, it is idle to expect that even America will disarm. Mr. Wilson, it is true, talked of giving as well as taking guarantees for disarmament, but to do him justice, he also insisted that "the seas may be closed in whole or in part " only " by international action for the enforcement of international covenants." Lord Fisher has told us that a great navy is waste. It is something worse than waste if it is maintained through our insistence on belligerent rights which contradict the very essence of the League.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S TOUR.

After three weeks of an astonishing missionary journey, President Wilson meets in Washington a Senate, not only unconverted, but seemingly stiffened in hostility to the Treaty and the Covenant. itself will have a place in political annals. As a display of physical and rhetorical energy, it cannot be compared with the tremendous exploits of the great campaigners, from the Civil War down to Roosevelt and W. J. Bryan. But it is sufficiently remarkable on two grounds: first, because of its design, as a piece of public education in

international affairs; secondly, because it is Mr. Wilson who has done it. The American public was not without memories of Mr. Wilson as a campaigner; but they had been overlaid by his reputation as a composer of elaborate discourses and State papers. The majority of his fellowcitizens probably did not imagine that the President could keep going with ease through a round of some thirty cities, addressing vast gatherings, explciting his gift of extempore speech, and adapting his appeal, with ery considerable skill, to the regional characteristics of the places through which he has passed. The surprising aspect of the affair has been Mr. Wilson's value as a showman. No crowds have been too vast for him. We hear of audiences of 20,000; even of a glass-enclosed rostrum, with a system of electric wires carrying the orator's voice over and around a multitude of 50,000. We may, however, conclude that this enterprize of Mr. Wilson's has given the start to some new methods in the highly expert business of American campaigning.

The tour was planned for the conquest of the great But, obviously, no popular triumph for the President, however great, could be counted as anything beyond a spectacle unless it had brought with it such a concentration of public opinion as would influence votes in the Senate. This, it is clear, Mr. Wilson has not As he progressed, he gave way accomplished. more and more to the enticements of the platform. Not only did he press his demand for the speedy and unqualified acceptance of the Treaty, but, it is clear, he grew continually more emphatic in manipulating the notes most likely to stir the response of the crowd. It is easy to see how in such an atmosphere Mr. Wilson should be led to play continually on the universal terror of Bolshevism, and argue that the ratification of the Treaty was an essential step in the reduction of prices. But it is less easy to understand why, in pleading for the full participation of the United States in a new world order, he should give his blessing to the scheme of compulsory military service now before Congress.

We may note a little more closely the salient points the President's advocacy. It is different, in important particulars, from the line he followed with the Senate. In Washington his attitude and admissions implied that he had signed the Treaty only as the best obtainable, and that the Shantung settlement was a blunder. On the platform he has demanded the Treaty and the whole Treaty. He has affirmed that the passion of European statesmen for peace is not less intense than that of American people. Confronted, in the cities of the Pacific sk , with the profound anti-Japanese sentiment, intensified by Japanese conquests in the Eastern markets, Mr. Wilson came out with the completest defence of the Shantung clauses. The rights transferred were not Chinese; they were the rights confirmed to Germany by a treaty made on American soil. Under the Treaty of Versailles China's position was not worse, but better: for Japan had promised the return of the peninsula, and there was the guarantee of the League of Nations. And, in any case, did any opponents of the Shantung settlement propose that the United States should fight Japan for the restoration of China's rights? The President, it will be seen, showed no lack of skill in combining a general idealistic appeal with a shrewd bid for American interests, political and commercial. He has defended the six votes accorded to the British Empire in the League, as the votes of self-governing nations, and has interpreted Article XI. of Covenant as opening the door to the Irish demand for independence.

Judged by immediate results, the tour presents an almost complete contradiction. Mr. Wilson's prestige, the attraction of his oratory, the fact that his is the sole voice of authority interpreting the issues of the world upon which America has to decide, the anxiety of the whole people to be done with the Treaty and its harassing discords, and, above all, the public absorption in industrial and other troubles at home-all these influences tell in the President's favor. But they count for nothing in Washington; and they have been subject in the Western public to the success of Senator Hiram Johnson's counter-campaign. The able New York correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" points out that the headship of the opposition in the country has now passed decisively to Mr. Johnson. And that is a fact of importance. Mr. Johnson is not only the leader of Western Progressivism. He has made resounding assaults on secret diplomacy, and conducted a pitiless exposure of the adventure in Russia.

Mr. Wilson had reached the last stage of his journey when, on a resolution moved by Mr. Lodge, the first vote of the conclusive battle on the Treaty was taken in the Senate. It coincided almost exactly with the balance of parties, the opposition having a majority of three. This gives no indication of the final vote in the Senate. But it gives the plainest warning to the President that the rejection of the Treaty is a greater probability than it was a month ago. The explanation commonly given in America is that Mr. Wilson's appeal to the people has come too late: the decision had gone against him because the Republican opposition had been left in command of the Press and the platform. that is not the explanation. The truth is that the President is overborne by the facts of the world situationthe facts which beat him in Paris. If Mr. Wilson goes down he will owe his fall to the Secret Treaties, the invasion of Russia, the massing of the forces of European Imperialism, and the refusal of Great Britain to stand for a peace of justice and appeasement.

# A London Biary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I have reason to believe that before Lord Grey left for America he was given to understand that an Irish settlement would be sought and (it may be presumed) arrived at before the end of the year. This is almost as much as to say that his mission is conditional on the conclusion of an Anglo-Irish peace. It is safe to add that in the absence of such an instrument of amity with America, it is condemned to futility.

That a great change is coming every reader of the omens must agree. Lord French is openly in London; and Mr. Macpherson is also a political absentee. He is given out as a sick man; I suspect the origin of his complaint will be found in Ireland. A system which is always odious, has now attained to a really monstrous perversity. It is hard to reconcile it with even a relation of average courtesy with America, to say nothing of the intimacy which we desire, and she, with a settled Ireland, would not refuse. It condemns Lord Grey to complete failure and an early return to this country. That the Government can

improvize a Treaty in the recess is unlikely. But there are some approaches and preparations that might be entertained. For example, there is the idea of enacting the Home Rule Bill, and using the resulting Parliament (the existing Irish representation) as a Constitutional Assembly, or a free Convention for the settlement of the Irish Constitution. I have often recurred to this plan, and if Sinn Fein inclined to it, and it were understood that the Convention was open to the most advanced solutions, it might work. But the withdrawal of coercion would be indispensable. Ireland would never discuss her future in chains.

"It was recently suggested by an Orange brave that the Irish police should be armed with hand grenades, and that they should not be in two minds about using them if they heard a suspicious rustling behind a hedge. Most civilized people, on coming upon such a suggestion, would conclude that a criminal lunatic was doing his best to be funny. But there is nothing either too criminal or too funny for Dublin Castle, which, in putting this promiscuous death-dealer in the hands of its agents, suggests that it is preparing for a campaign of atrocities unknown in these islands since the time of Lake and Castlereagh. The week just past has also seen the suppression of all the most representative Irish papers on account of an advertisement of the Sinn Fein loan. Fairs continue to be prohibited over large areas for fear the assembled farmers should whisper sedition, and forces of police are hastened hither and thither to prevent boys from playing the game of hand-ball—no doubt lest they might play it in too republican a manner. Meanwhile, Sir Henry Wilson, who recently sent a typically Carsonite message to the Ulstermen, is in control at the War Office, and Sir Edward Carson is presumably in control of everybody. It is time the English people made up their minds to put an end to the war against Russia. Your treatment of Ireland is poisioning the public life of Europe as even your treatment of Russia could not do."

Mr. Bullitt may be an indiscreet diplomatist; but he is a good literary photographer. Who can deny his description of a day with Mr. George? Not, I am sure, the distinguished subject whose judgment it flatters. One thinks of it much as Byron thought of the painting of the Madonna:—

"That picture is no image-'tis too like."

As well dispute Mr. George's later contribution to history, his communication to the Conference, at the close of a day of boredom, of a free sketch of his policy in Russia. Gossip has it that it was not the only intervention of the kind with which that august body has been favored. What, for example, was the way in which the Conference got to know of the Treaty of Guarantees? Was it ever discussed? Did the Foreign Office ever debate it? And when did the first knowledge of it find its way to Mr. Balfour's intelligence? The Conference has made some of its history a little slowly. But it has had some lightning moments.

But has the Conference ever been serious? Policies, we know, have changed like weathercocks, and peoples bartered as if they were bags of wool. Most of the statesmen seem to have known as little as they cared. M. Clemenceau, it is said, greeted the entry of the Bulgarian delegate with the stage whisper: "Is Bulgaria a Monarchy or a Republic?" Is there then to be no re-examination of the scores of issues that have thus been

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Policies, peoples of the y cared. of the Bulgaria o be no hus been trifled with? Lord Bryce pleads strongly for the early creation of fair-minded and competent Commissions on frontiers and details of national disputes. That was a sensible plan, commended to Mr. George in the "Times," and I suppose finally turned down by him. But it is not only Commissions that are wanted. because the spirit of peace is absent from Europe that its machinery is so defective, and that the passion of the world continues. Whither are we travelling? Almost, so far as Eastern Europe is concerned, to a revival of the condottieri of the Italian States, or the merciless brigandage of the Thirty Years' War. This madness can only be stayed if the motive of love revives in man's heart, and zeal for the restoration of society in his Such thoughts about the crisis in all our affairs are commonly felt and expressed; it is time that some concerted effort were made to realize them in

WE despise ideas and fail to see that an idea is upsetting the world, an idea which for many of us is old What is the notion that sustains the and discredited. revolt of Labor here and elsewhere? What but Marx's theory of surplus value? It is a stirring fallacy, embedded in an unreadable book. Most of the economists have fallen upon it. I was brought up in the belief that the Fabian Society had analyzed it out of existence. It is obviously untrue as a description of the state of the workman to-day. He is not living on a wage of barest subsistence, the rest of the industrial product, which is rightly his, having been absorbed by the capitalist. On the contrary, the elasticity of the wage system even under capitalism would have astonished the great Socialist thinker had he lived to witness it. Nevertheless, the magic formula, though dead, yet speaketh. It is at the root of the workman's belief that he is being robbed, and that capital is always taking from him something that he has earned, and conceding only a fraction of his rightful dues. enough truth in this to keep the high wage movement alive and enough falsehood to maintain the breach between the hand worker and the intellectual directors of industry and the State. Ought there not therefore to be an attempt to re-state the elements of value, and disinter the Fabian criticism of Marx?

MR. PRINGLE's appeal to Rusholme strikes the note that a good many Liberals have been waiting to hear, and his candidature, with its broad line for the future, is as inspiriting as his address. But Mr. Pringle's personality is more important still. Mr. Henderson may make a willy-nilly appearance against him; but if Mr. Henderson means business with Mr. George's Government, he knows how indispensable to that purpose is Mr. Pringle's reappearance in the House of Commons. The great political aim of Labor is to destroy the Russian expedition. But until somebody can take Mr. Churchill by the throat the expedition will go on. Mr. George is either afraid of his War Secretary, or his Government will not let its Prime Minister act. I will make a free prophecy that within three months of Mr. Pringle's return to Parliament, the Russian adventure will have come to an end. Neither Dr. Dunstan nor a score Dr. Dunstans will move it by a hair's-breadth. Mr. Pringle is made for the job. In the first place, he will drag out the truth. In the second place, he will dress the whole adventure in its proper garb of shame and folly. Mr. Henderson knows this as well as anybody. Why, then, is he doing his best to keep out of Parliament a

man whose present programme is almost identical with his own, and who is able to do his cause an indispensable service? Is that statesmanship? Is it common sense?

ONE of the instruments of the Koltchak reign of terror in Siberia is Semenov, the chief of the Transbaikal Cossacks, a paid agent of the Japanese, and now one of the chief instruments of the Omsk Government. He and his fellows now restore order in the Transbaikal and Amur provinces, where most of the villages are under martial law. Semenov appears to do himself pretty well. In addition to his Japanese subsidies, he is able to tap the speculators in railway carriages and rights of transit, whose rates of profit are nearer 1,000 than 100 per He levies or remits Customs duties, travels in a train de luxe, guarded by armored trains, and relieves the moneyed traveller of his funds, and occasionally of his life. His rule is one of massacre and intimidation. Villagers are stripped naked and flogged, often to the death, and kept in a state of slavery, and the women live in continual terror of rape. The peasantry retort in kind. When they catch one of Semenov's Cossacks they skin him. Another ruffian, called Kalmikov, has been charged by our own Generals with being a bandit and a murderer. The Japs do their share of killing and burning, with the result that where one or all of these blessings, Russian or Japanese, abound, Bolshevism abounds also. In reality it is not Bolshevism at all, but an outraged people, rising in self-protection against our august ally and his assistant scoundrels.

It was with a shock (having missed the announcement in the papers) that I learned that my old friend Charles Boyd was dead. I don't think I agreed with him on anything political, least of all in his devotion to Cecil Rhodes and the Rhodesians. His universally attractive gift was his enthusiasm for letters, and his love of his friends. He was a great hero worshipper: Milner, Rhodes and George' Wyndham were his chief idols, but anything chivalrous, brave, beautiful, and rather unusual and dashing, attracted him. He was indeed a pupil of Henley; and his boyish love of the romantic in literature fused itself in sympathy, the rather uncritical sympathy it seemed to me, with Jameson and Co. and their South African adventure. There must be many tender memories of him, for he was a gay figure, and a not insignificant one.

I AM glad to see that the Board of Agriculture has at last acknowledged the services of birds to agriculture, so disastrous has been its policy in the past. Now, therefore, it can fairly be asked to take some active steps, such as circularizing farmers with leaflets to show that the preservation of birds is essential to the food supply. Meanwhile, is it certain that indiscriminate war on rooks and wood-pigeons, and even on sparrows, is wise? In fact, the Board itself has declared the usefulness of rooks. The moral would seem to be-as far as possible, leave Nature to keep her balances. If, for example, it is necessary to keep down the sparrows, the best way is to encourage sparrow-hawks and other accipitres who are its natural enemies. Also, why invite boys to kill birds? Country boys are no ornithologists, and rarely discriminate between one bird and another. Thus, during the sparrow-hunting days a friend of mine found ten young wrens lying on the road with their mandibles torn open.

A WAYFARER.

# Tife and Tetters.

#### THE ETHICS OF DIPLOMACY.

On a question of conduct it is obviously dangerous to differ from the "Daily News" or from the "West-minster Gazette." All of us honor the conscious rectitude of the one, and the gentlemanly punctilio of the other. Upon the well-worn course of life's voyage, we would as soon reckon our platitude from the meridian of the "Daily News" as from any point of the world's surface. And for the "Westminster Gazette"—see how delicately it lives along the branch of life, cautious of a false step as is the chameleon, which feels its way inch by inch, ever looking before and after with ball-and-socket eyes that work independently of each other. When the downright authority upon righteousness and the sensitive investigator of delicacy agree, as they sometimes will, in condemning a certain line of conduct, it needs a resolute moral casuist to defend it. If we wished, we have not the art to play the moral casuist, and yet we feel instinctively that, in one particular case, both uprightness and punctilio may possibly be wrong, though both agree.

It is the case of Mr. Bullitt. The authority upon uprightness says that in considering Mr. Bullitt's evidence, it is necessary to dispose of two subsidiary

"One is Mr. Bullitt's credibility, the other is the justifiability of making such disclosures as he has made. On the latter point there can be no two opinions. Mr. Bullitt's action is a gross and indefensible breach of confidence. It is true that when Americans talk of open diplomacy they mean open diplomacy. It is probably true further that Mr. Bullitt is deliberately setting what he conceives to be a higher obligation above the obligation of honor. That does not exonerate

The authority goes on further to remark that Mr. Bullitt might no doubt plead that, after he had been publicly disavowed in the House of Commons by the man who had entertained him to breakfast and expressed who had entertained him to breakisst and expressed himself profoundly impressed by his report, he was entitled to defend himself in any way he could. "That," adds the dogmatist upon righteous conduct, "is a pallia-tion, but it is not an excuse." No condemnation could be more complete. Pleas are discovered only to be set aside. The ultimate judgment is maintained: "There can be no two opinions upon the point." Woe to the

man who has a second, for he cannot have it!

In accordance with its nature, the "Westminster Gazette" proceeds more delicately. Balancing upon the official line, and clinging to it with all four hands as it

goes, it observes:

"Two things Mr. Bullitt did not understand. First, that, according to the rules of public service as understood in Europe, an unofficial emissary is liable to be disavowed if his plans miscarry; and second, that a man engaged in a public mission is not permitted to reveal the confidential communications which took place between him and his chiefs on resigning his position. official of his private dealings with his superiors after he has resigned make frank dealing impossible, and, if it were a general practice, official life would be rendered intolerable."

If we consider their source, these are strong state-The writers speak as those having authority, and not as the journalists. It could only be with the greatest hesitation that anyone would venture to differ. And yet, though we are told there can be no two opinions on the point, we venture to hold another opinion; and though we are told that such conduct would make frank dealing impossible, and render official life intolerable, we venture to think it might make diplomatic dealing far more frank; and if it made official life intolerable, official life must mend its manners.

"It is true," says the "Daily News," "that when Americans talk of open diplomacy, they mean open diplomacy." That in itself we hold to be no crime. If diplomacy had been open for the last ten years, it is almost certain that there would have been no war, and millions of young men now buried would still have been living happy and useful lives. It is really no great wickedness to mean what you say. "Open diplomacy" was one of the watchwords for which we were all told we were fighting. "Self-determination" was another; "To make the world safe for democracy" was a third. Had these watchwords no meaning? Were our young men tricked into death? Were we all like tickled trout and these watchwords no meaning? Were our young men tricked into death? Were we all like tickled trout, at the mercy of experts who appear to think it strange that people who talk of open diplomacy do really mean open diplomacy? Because they think that strange, are we also to abandon the other watchwords of the war; and will the "Daily News" join the present Government in suppressing Ireland's self-determination, and in making Russia unsafe for democracy? If you begin abandoning points you are soon on a slippery slope, as Mr. Wilson has found.

"It is probably true further," the "Daily News" continues, "that Mr. Bullitt is deliberately setting what he conceives to be a higher obligation above the obliga-tion of honor." That word "honor" begs the question. We do not believe that "honor" in this conventional sense was involved. But in any case, what obligation could have been more honorable than that imposed by his conscience upon Mr. Bullitt to tell the truth, and the whole truth, before the United States and the Senate? The Senate shares with the President the control of the foreign policy of America. It had a right to summon Mr. Bullitt and to require of him an exact account of what he had done and had been asked to do, or suggested as a useful line of action. For Mr. Bullitt was in Paris on the public service of his country. He acted there as Chief of the Current Intelligence Services. He was specially sent to Russia by Mr. Lansing and the Secretary of the American Commission "for the purpose of studying conditions, political and economic, therein for the benefit of the American Commissioners Plenipoten therein for This was done with the full knowledge of Mr. Lloyd George, whose private secretary wrote him a note suggesting possible terms of agreement with the Soviet Government. On his return Mr. Bullitt brought back terms almost identical with those suggested, but rather Mr. Lloyd George more favorable to the Allies. described the document to General Smuts as being "of the utmost importance." So it undoubtedly was. But for certain sinister influences, it is now clear that we might have made a satisfactory peace with Russia at that time, and both England and America would have been spared the recent hideous expenditure of life and resources. So far as this country is concerned, that expenditure has continued. Where the lives of thousands of human beings are concerned, to say nothing of the preservation of at least two great countries from ruin, we should have thought it a paramount and most honorable obligation upon anyone to reveal any element of truth that was within his knowledge and might dispel the dangerous obscurity. We do not admit a breach of conventional "honor"; but even if there were such a breach, such an occasion would demand and justify it. Where life was to be saved people have been praised for "gloriously lying." Here was a case in which, for the

same reason, truth-telling was equally glorious.

The "Daily News" further admits that Mr. Bullitt might plead that the man who had entertained him to breakfast and expressed himself as profoundly impressed by his report, did within a few days disavow him in the House of Commons, and so Mr. Bullitt thought himself entitled to make his defence in any way he could. The Daily News" considers this plea a palliation, but no It is something to extract a palliation from that rigorous mentor. For ourselves, we can well imagine the indignant surprise of a high-spirited and truthful young American when, after he had successfully accomplished a most delicate and dangerous mission, which received the applause of the British Prime Minister and our Foreign Secretary, to say nothing of his own country's authorities, our Prime Minister in the House of Commons dismissed it all as "some suggestion that there was some young American who had come back." After all, there is a touch of human nature left in most of us. We cannot all hope to attain either to the abstract and the and Bul driv or 1 tha

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SO pr ma we impersonal rectitude of the "Daily News," or to a Ministerial disregard for truth. Among ordinary people the suggestio falsi has not yet become current coin, and in the heart of a young foreigner like Mr. Bullitt it may well rouse the angry astonishment which drives him to reveal the truth, whether in self-defence or not.

One word more upon this point. It has been thought that Mr. Bullitt's exposure of facts has done the reputation of Mr. Lloyd George harm. That is far from being our view. All that is new in the revelation stands to Mr. George's credit. We hear that at the breakfast table, holding up the "Daily Mail," he exclaimed, "As long as the British Press is doing this kind of thing, how can you expect me to be sensible about Russia?" We hear that he wanted to send out someone respectable—some lord or other—to back up Mr. Bullitt's report. We hear that after the disavowal in the House of Commons, members of the British Delegation in Paris called upon Mr. Bullitt to explain that Mr. George had been really favorable to the peace with Russia, but on his return to London had found that Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Winston Churchill had "rigged the Conservative majority of the House of Commons against him; that they were ready to slay him then and there, &c." In all that there is nothing new. Everyone was already aware that Mr. Lloyd George stands in awe of the "Daily Mail" and the rest of the Northcliffe Press, though in unguarded moments he may defy them. Everyone was aware that he stood in a similar relationship to Mr. Churchill and the Conservative majority, and that he fully recognized the advantage of having a lord of some sort on his side. But what was new to everyone outside the secret circle of diplomacy was the statesmanlike wisdom of Mr. George's own private opinion upon the Russian question.

Russian question.

From Mr. Bullitt's evidence we learn that in January Mr. George stated in the Council of Ten that there were only three possible policies—military intervention, a "sanitary cordon," and a conference. The mere idea of crushing Bolshevism by a military force he declared to be pure madness. A cordon, he declared, did not mean a health cordon, but a death cordon (and if only the Allies had recognized that terrible truth ten months ago how many lives of wretched men, women, and children would have been spared!). The Conference remained the only hope, and it was the British proposal. When Baron Sonnino remarked that no one wished to hear the Bolshevists, Mr. George retorted that the Bolshevists were the very people whom some of them did wish to hear. Ultimately the British idea of an open conference appears to have been overruled by the opposition of the French, the Italians, and the anti-revolutionary sections of Russians in Paris. But it is clear that at the very beginning Mr. George himself made a very shrewd and humane estimate of the situation, and if he had only possessed the courage to carry it through into action, the world and his country would have been his debtors. What we are now told for the first time definitely will certainly raise his reputation for insight and humanity. For that reason he himself remains the debtor to Mr. Bullitt.

Then, as to the "Westminster's" strictures—less vital perhaps, as being based on official custom rather than on the mysteries of eternal and immutable morality. It says that "according to the rules of public service as understood in Europe an moefficial custom rather than on the mysteries of the rules of public service as understood in Europe.

Then, as to the "Westminster's" strictures—less vital perhaps, as being based on official custom rather than on the mysteries of eternal and immutable morality. It says that "according to the rules of public service as understood in Europe, an unofficial emissary is liable to be disavowed if his plans miscarry." We do not agree that Mr. Bullitt's plans did miscarry. They were singularly successful in the opinion of Mr. Lansing, Mr. George, and Mr. Balfour—so successful that Mr. George urged him to publish an account of his mission. But that is not the immediate point. The point is whether in the public service a process of deception should be accepted as a natural and recognized procedure. It is not so accepted in the Law Courts, nor is it so accepted in private life. How long is our public life to stand as a matter of course upon a lower level of veracity? When we are called upon, free of charge, at every bookstall, to cast off the trammels of the old world and prepare acceptance for the Future, does the "Westminster"

Gazette "suppose that we shall abide by all the iniquitous old rules of public service as understood in Europe? Too long have those rules in Europe been understood. They are the rules which have made diplomacy the curse of the European world, and as a climax have converted Europe into a slaughter house. Mr. Bullitt's services have been great in many ways, but if he has finally shaken the rules of public service as understood in Europe, that must be accounted the greatest service of all. As to "the disclosure by an official of his private dealings with his superiors after he has resigned," which the "Westminster" says would make official life intolerable, has it never heard of Lord French's disclosures, or of Lord Fisher's disclosures? Or are Lord French and Lord Fisher exempt from blame as being mighty lords of war, while Mr. Bullitt is only "some young American"?

#### THE GROUND PLAN OF UTOPIA.

For many a long year it had been a learned pastime with academic Socialists in Russia and Germany to speculate on the conditions ideally favorable to a social revolution. The better opinion was, we believe, that the time to choose was a crisis of over-production. With unemployment at its height the leaders of the revolution would have at their disposal a body of desperate proletarians ready to man the barricades. When the old order was overthrown, the new régime would inherit a big surplus of commodities, and start its housekeeping with plenty in its cupboards. The transition from production for profit to production for use, would be made under the happiest conditions. The revolutions in Russia and Hungary were far from proceeding on this sagacious plan. The psychological and dynamic conditions were certainly ideal from the revolutionary standpoint, but the economic position was disastrously unfavorable. Defeat had shattered the prestige of the old order, and ruined the moral of the drilled armies which sustained it. The rebel, so far, could ask for nothing better. But unluckily so far from inheriting the surplus of a period of capitalistic over-production, the revolution took over a dilapidated machine and an empty store-closet.

empty store-closet.

We have had the good luck to receive from Budapest a complete set of all the edicts issued by the Communist Government of Hungary during its four months of life. Here was an unflinching effort to build a new world, with none of that reformist "shoring up" of the past, which Lenin and Bela Kun agree with Mr. Lloyd George in deprecating. One turns the pages, eager to discover the ground plan of Utopia. Inevitably they reflect the historic conditions of the experiments. Four months is no great while in which to sketch the millennium even on paper, and during three of the four the Workers' Republic was fighting for its life against the Roumanians and the Tchechs. A good half of these edicts refer to the Red Army. It was at first a volunteer force drawn from the ranks of organized labor: then conscription was introduced, but only for "proletarians": finally there came at the end a desperate levée en masse in which even the bourgeois were called up to serve in labor but not in combatant battalions. Once there is a rare suggestion of humor, when the barracks hitherto named after Hapsburg Emperors and Archdukes are baptized anew after Marx, Jaurès, Lenin and Trotsky. Occasionally there is a human touch, as in an edict which censures the too militarist manners of Red Guards, who had a way, it seems, of rushing tram-cars in front of civilian queues; another encourages civilians to complain promptly about all abuses by Red Guards, and a third declares that their pay will be "docked" if they do not spontaneously provide for their families at home. But on the whole, mobilization decrees are much the same in communist and capitalistic States.

Next in number among these decrees are the provisions which deal with housing in Budapest. Housing, even before the war, was, in the Magyar capital, a scandal of an enormity that the English reader would fail to conceive even if he were familiar with conditions

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in Scottish mining villages. The official statistics, if we recall them correctly, showed that the greater part of the population was housed in tenements containing from eight to fifteen persons to a room. During the war munition making nearly doubled the population, and after the war came an influx of refugees from the terri-The Communist tories occupied by the Roumanians. handling of this problem was prompt and drastic, but not without parallel. The homeless proletarians were quartered in the superfluous rooms of the well-to-do, and an edict proclaimed the principle of one adult one room. Even after four months, however, an edict admits that the proletarians are still dissatisfied and that the problem is not yet solved. As a concession to their suspicions the "intellectuals" who served as officials in the housing department were partially replaced by manual workers. But what was to be done? Building materials for the necessary alterations were unobtainable; the masons were in the Red Army, and furniture was not to be had. We do not in these transitional measures touch the core of communism. Even in Berlin, nay, even in suburban Charlottenburg, the same acute house-famine has driven the municipality to the expedient of commandeering

superfluous rooms in large houses. Western Socialism looks forward to the socialization of all the means of production, and it may contemplate also the extinction of great fortunes by super-taxes and the limitation of inheritance. Communism in Hungary as in Russia went much more directly to its goal. key to all its strategy was the nationalization of the banks. They became State institutions under highly centralized management, and though the old expert officials were retained, the Commissioners of the Republic kept a tight hand of control over every account and every transaction. Private property, whether share capital or stocks of commodities, or coins or jewellery, was not precisely confiscated. For everything that was taken an entry was placed to the credit of the owner in his controlled banking account. That, however, was hardly more than a legal fiction, for the law allowed each person to draw out monthly for his own personal needs no more than 2,000 kronen, a sum equal to about £80 before the war, but in present purchasing power worth from half to one-third of that amount. To pay wages, unlimited drafts were allowed, but all other cheques for business purposes required authorization. Thus the Soviet Republic secured a control of the most drastic and intimate kind, not merely over the personal expenditure of the rich, but also over the conduct of the smaller businesses and the farms which were not socialized. The system must have been galling and irritating in the extreme, and it offered obvious scope for corruption, but as a method of disarming the capitalist it must have been decidedly effective. At the same time it did not reduce even the "idle rich" to abject penury, for with 2,000 crowns a month an average family could maintain a level of at least "lower middle-class" comfort.

It was, however, only the unoccupied rich, the genuine parasites, who were put on this rationed money. The working bourgeois, even the managers or managing directors of banks or factories, usually became employees of the State and drew the salary of the highest class of officials. Inequalities of wealth were greatly reduced, but they did not disappear. An elaborate standard scale of salaries for employees of the State (a term which covered workers in socialized factories as well as civil servants) recognized five classes of workers, and the weekly wage ranged from the 160 kronen of the boy clerk and the 200 kronen of the unskilled laborer, up to the salary of the experts and managers, who drew from 450 to 650 kronen weekly. All teachers, by the way, were in that highest class.

This collection of decrees tells us comparatively little of the organization of industrial production and agriculture, save on its formal, constitutional side. The arrangements for the election of factory councils are given, and also for the election of the Economic Council which governed the whole field of industry. The plan was a compromise between State Socialism and Syndicalism. The workers in each socialized factory or farm did indeed elect their council, but the real work of daily manage-

ment fell to commissioners appointed by the Central Council, and it was the arbiter when Councils and Commissioners disagreed. In the same way a political com-missioner, a sort of prefect, was sent down from the centre to watch the work of the local regional Soviets, and he might in an emergency over-ride them. far, allowing for the absence of coal and the shortage of most raw materials, did the workers work well? The problem of demoralized production was certainly felt. As early as April some of the chief Commissioners were advising the adoption of piece rates and the Taylor That does not figure in the decrees, but one of system. them lays down a system of discipline for unconscientious workers. Their names may be written up in a black list; their pay may be reduced to correspond to their output; they may be transferred to other factories or even dismissed, and in the last resort they may be expelled from their Trade Unions-in effect a sentence of outlawry. But it was the elected Councils which imposed these penalties, and they may have been

indulgent.

The Communist Republic aimed at much more than an economic transformation. It was at war with the intensely reactionary churches of Hungary, Jewish and Calvinist as well as Catholic. It respected religious liberty and did not touch the buildings or check the meetings and preachings of the churches, but it secularized all the schools. The former teachers of the lay orders might enter the service of the State, but if they did so, they must cease to be ecclesiastics. An immense educational programme was drafted, and two University Professors turned Communist Commissioners, Kunfi and Lukacs, endeavored to fire the teachers with ambition in their task. They aimed at nothing less than the transformation of the mind of society, the develop-The teachers, as ment of a higher social consciousness. The teachers, as Kunfi said, must struggle with the "psychic disturbance" that accompanics revolution: they must inculcate social discipline: their task was to see to it that Socialism fashioned a true republic of workers, and not a republic of 'prentices. Courses were improvized in hot haste to train the latent directing talent of the proletariat, courses to make officers out of sergeants, engineers out of the mechanics, architects out of builders, managers out of foremen, sociologists and economists out of agitators, enlightened teachers out of village schoolmasters. Other and economists out of agitators, enlightened teachers out of village schoolmasters. Other courses aimed at diffusing disinterested culture among adults-courses in philosophy, literature, anthropology, and history. It reads like a feverish effort to force the growth of a people's mind, and the amazement is that any State should have persisted in it amid invasion and the blockade. But revolutions are never economical of mental energy: there is no eight hours' day for the intelligence.

One gleans from hints in these decrees that the men at the head had rather to moderate the pace of revolution than to force it. One of them, for example, tells the teachers that while sexual enlightenment may be salutary for the young, it is a delicate operation, and they must wait until the department has drawn up a standard syllabus. The Republic aimed at moral liberty, but it had its strain of Puritanism. It closed the brothels of Budapest, and found work for the women on the land. It required the clergy to deny from the pulpit the tale that Communism "nationalizes women." On the other hand, it removed the stigma on illegitimate children, allowed any couple who had cohabited for a year to register their legal marriage, and permitted divorce by the consent of both parties. It was the uncompromising enemy of alcohol, and enforced unqualified prohibition. There is nothing in these edicts to justify the notion of a "Red Terror." The severest in tone of them call december the series of the ser in tone of them all denounces the crime of some Soviet or other which had imposed a death sentence (in one case only) without regular trial, and half-way through the series, dated at the moment of Bela Kun's big military successes, is an edict releasing all the counter-revolutionary hostages. Whatever mistakes it may have made (and its mistakes over currency equalled the most extravagant French precedents), whatever were its errors of tactics and its lapses due to haste, this Hungarian 19.

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Republic was not an experiment for which Socialists need blush. In spite of the dictatorship, which avowedly and frankly suppressed all rights of overt opposition during the period of transition, it is a humanitarian though by no means a liberal spirit which informs these edicts. Its aim was to destroy the capitalist system by one sweeping stroke, but it was by no means ruthless even to the "idle rich," while for the working "intellectual" it would have made a land of opportunity. We wish it were possible to hope that the "Whites" in their triumph will imitate the more tolerant tactics of its earlier reign.

# Short Studies.

A YEAR AGO.

BY A NEW ZEALANDER.

FOR seven nights we had felt our way through thick darkness, guards posted everywhere to save from themselves the fools who might have struck matches on deck and endangered us all. None knew what lurked beneath the seemingly empty tropic seas. So we won to Sierra Leone, groped through a mine-field, and lay at last safe within the boom. We had leisure then to look at the shore, beautiful, green, and foul as the effluent paddock of a sewage farm. Distance made even the oldest houses handsome, and in the wash of sunshine mud walls showed white. Eight out of ten had never seen a negro before; white. Eight out of ten had never seen a negro before; and the dancing, jabbering beings who did nearly as much work as a superannuated white wharf laborer following the "go slow" method of striking on the job, were strange and wonderful to them

In sheer lightness of heart we pelted the passing boats with potatoes. We threw biscuits for the negroes to scramble for. We grumbled because we were not allowed ashore, and very few of us cared when we heard

allowed ashore, and very few of us cared when we heard the grim word that plague had broken out in the native quarters. Always the convoy gathered-little grey gunquarters. Always the convoy gathered—little grey gunboats, on amazing camouflaged lines, standard ships, a Japanese merchantman bristling with guns and crowded with little men, tramps flying the flags of South American states—only while that convoy gathered, and once, a year before, when I saw the German ships at anchor, rusting and useless, off Teneriffe, did I realize the folly of Fritz when he went to fight the world. A tropic storm blew up out of nowhere and we, sticky with salt water, bathed in the heavy shower. More than a thousand men, naked and healthy and happy.

healthy and happy.

We had a concert on our last night there, and still I can see the group under the bunched lights.

The white dresses of the nurses, and beyond them men and more men until their faces drowned in the shadows. tuneless ship's piano, the sweet, weak tinkling of the mandolin, the singing of the men; and from the barges alongside the vaguely rhythmic choruses of negroes pretending to work. And a breeze blowing off shore, bringing a vague sour smell and, had we known it, death worse than any our enemies could compass.

Slowly we felt our way out again, and had our first glimpse of cruising. We had the little thrill which comes to all who take a small chance of death. A troopship, even overcrowded, is a merry show. Only some men were quieter than usual, as though already they felt they were within the shadow. That night a they felt they were within the shadow. That night a few of us were told quietly how fever had come aboard. Even then we did not understand.

Down on the troop-deck where men slept spoonfashion in the close-slung hammocks the motionless air was heavy and foul. The heat was awful, and if men did not toss through sleepless hours it was only that they had not room to turn. At reveillé we saw the beginning of it, when men lay still or slid out to stagger dizzily and fall. It was the same in the quarters of other com-

panies. The M.O. was ill, the little hospital was full already, the sick parade was a queue of bright-eyed fevered men. All day long lads were going down, and old hands whispered to each other of malaria and dengue and blackwater fever; and men of later experience told of the new sickness called Spanish 'flu. swallowed quinine tablets, and cursed because everything

tasted foully, badly. With the morrow's dawn all hell was loose. Death had come, and the watchers had had their first sight of this awful Thing which set men coughing until they were exhausted, and stinking while they yet lived. The big men, those full of strength and the joy of life, went first. Medicine was no longer helpful. We had not fear—for those who had fear died, were already dead. Only we saw Fate stalking amongst us; and our mouths were too dry to talk of what we felt; and our heads ached so we could neither laugh nor pray. Everywhere ached so we could neither laugh nor pray. Everywhere men were coughing, coughing, coughing. Somewhere out of sight the bosun was sewing shrouds. course of my work, I learnt the disinfectant had run out; and it was whispered medicine was already in short supply. The nurses had a new glory, and doctors and

supply. The nurses had a new glory, and doctors and officers fresh honor.

My turn came, and I found myself put side by side with others in a breathless hole where we lay cheek to cheek, on the floor, tended by men almost as sick as ourselves. The days were awful, but when night came and we had to bear twelve hours of darkness—then it was inferno. Nearly all were delirious, and in the blackness men prayed and danced and cursed and sang. Stripped naked and danced and cursed and in sheer weakness fell across their fellows. Dysentery was with us, too, and ordinary methods of decency had failed. Through it all nurses went to those who needed them most, the little circles of light from their electric torches fluttering here and there like white moths. In the conduct of those dozen ladies all women won to new honor. Once I saw a sergeant fall over the man he was tending, a nurse came and she fainted, too, the doctor dropped by the group . . . but all were at work again soon. Oh, but the nights were very long; and the morning brought an added horror, for in the dawn they carried out the dead and the dying, terrible forms

which dripped and smelt. We went from bad to worse, so that we had nobody left to cook for us. One man, by reason of strength, carried on, trying to cook for a thousand. I had crawled from the hell-hole, lost myself and found myself again, lying with others on the deck. At the least I had God's clean air about me, and I did not think they would carry corpses over me in the dawn. Wild-eyed men told strange tales of medicines which were of no effect, so that strange tales of medicines which were of no effect, so that no more could be done than bathe the very sick. Each morning they buried the dead, pushed them over in bunches of five, with sand at their feet because fire-bars were all used up. They floated before they sank, tilting as the sand absorbed water. And they went down sewn up in patchwork of sailcloth and sacking. Men with temperatures of which they should have died walked abroad, fearing to rest lest they, too, should die. We were hungry and we did not know it. Many were mad. They broke in imaginary horses, chopped imaginary logs. They broke-in imaginary horses, chopped imaginary logs, drank imaginary beer and grew very drunk. The son of a friend ran across my body as he made for the side and jumped overboard. I saw them launch the boat, and presently I was told he had been saved. But it did and jumped overboard. I saw them and presently I was told he had been saved. But it did not matter. It was all unreal, like something seen on the screen of a picture house. Another man jumped the screen of a picture house. Another man jumped overboard; and him they did not save. An idiot served hard biscuit to men with a temperature of 104. made Glaxo and it saved us. At the last we had a little rice, boiled in water, but not boiled long. They found a little rum, and we were given a tablespoonful in the twilight. Whether it was good for us or not I do not know, but those who had it did not die, and were able to eat the rice, sometimes.

Death had no terror. Perhaps you envied the man who reached 106; most likely he would die soon; but he would see no more sights, be away from the smell of death and the short, dry, symptomatic cough. Until

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one morning you woke clear-headed and very weak, free from the dreadful breadth and depth of thought and vision and memory which in itself may be the terror of If the speed of the ship had been down to nothing in the days when only seventy were able to stand, we had yet won northwards, and the cold bit shrewdly into men clad in shirts and shorts.

out of the mist, in the twilight, dashed three grey boats, towing above them a great cat-headed balloon. Men who had known nothing saw them, and understood. England had come to help us. The Kingdom of Evil held us no more. We talked of to-morrow, and the first sight of England. Only on the morrow the three grey boats were tumbling in white seas, and it was the next leak before we nicked up the green country of Hamphire. day before we picked up the green country of Hampshire. We were set, and our tale no more than a thing to be told to each other through all the years to come.

They drafted us to this hospital and to that, the fittest to a special sick camp; and because nothing can be so grim that it lacks joke altogether they sent a band to play us in. Those who are dead are dead, those who are still sick may get better . . . and it is only a year ago, yesterday as it were. But it seems long, long since.

# Communications.

#### INDIAN REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR, -A Joint Select Committee of the two Houses of Parliament is hard at work on the Government of India A number of witnesses have been, and more will be, examined. It is intended that the Committee should report before Parliament reassembles for the autumn session. The Indian witnesses have been strenuously pleading for an expansion of the scheme embodied in the Bill. The English witnesses are either in favor of the Bill as it is or want it whittled down in some respects. What conclusions the Committee will reach, and in what manner Parliament will dispose of them, is naturally not known at present. Indians can but hope that both the Committee and Parliament as a whole will bear in mind the essential features of the political situation in India and do their best to bring about a state of satisfaction and contentment, so that public-spirited men may concentrate effort on constructive social and economic work instead of being obliged to expend their moral energy on barren

A little preliminary work is necessary in order to uce an atmosphere favorable to the successful produce an inauguration of the new régime. It need not be repeated that India has been considerably agitated over the doings of the Punjab Government in recent months. I am glad to think that the new Lieutenant-Governor is evidently following a policy of moderation. I have no doubt that the Secretary of State will soon announce the terms of reference to, and the personnel of, the commission of enquiry which he has promised. hoped that the Committee will be instructed to investigate thoroughly and publicly into the causes of the disturbances in the Punjab as well as into the nature and scope of the measures of coercion by which the Government sought to restore order. I do not urge that the Committee should ramble over too wide a field, and take too long a time in submitting its report, but I do trust that it will be at liberty to let in evidence on certain features of Sir Michael O'Dwyer's administration, which in the opinion of my countrymen have a vital bearing on the crisis that developed. The intensity of Indian feeling can be judged from the circumstance that a distinguished Indian Christian gentleman unconnected with politics wrote a couple of weeks ago to a friend here, urging that nothing less than the impeachment of Sir Michael O'Dwyer would suffice to restore the credit of British Administration in the minds of Indians.

regards the excessive, and, as all of us believe, uncalled for severity of the coercive measures that were employed in the name of law and order, the Secretary of State knows how bitter is our feeling. We are looking forward to an announcement without further delay of a satisfactory commission of enquiry, and also, to the suspension of the sentences imposed by the Martial Law Commissions. is only when confidence is produced in the Indian mind that they can get reparation for injuries suffered, that the fiat of the official on the spot is not the last word of British statesmanship, and that British justice is still a reality, that an atmosphere favorable to the successful initiation of constitutional reforms will be created.

I have to say two seemingly contradictory things about the Government of India Bill. It is disappointing, yet it will be a disaster if it be not passed into law this year. It is disappointing for three reasons. Firstly, it leaves too many matters for rules to be made by the executive. Secondly it omits or modifies several progressive features of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. Thirdly, it does not include a single suggestion for improvement made by any section of Indian public men. Still, I am anxious that the Bill should be carried into law because it is a genuine attempt to elevate our political status, because it does mark a substantial advance over existing conditions, and because its defeat will mean unwillingness on the part of Parliament to give effect to the Declaration of the 20th August, 1919. Having made this acknowledgment, I cannot but add that anything like enthusiasm for the Bill is impossible unless it is improved, at least in a few essential respects. Firstly, the Constitution proposed for the Central Government must be liberalized. An element of responsibility should be introduced in that region also, and the number of Indians in the Executive Government should be raised at least to three if the maximum strength remains at eight. The classifications of subjects made by Sir James Brunyate in his Minute appended to the Crewe Committee Report furnish a basis upon which to proceed. In the provinces, care has to be taken that the governor will not be made a greater autocrat than he is at present; that the position of ministers in relation to the governor, to the legislature, and to secretaries and heads of departments and the services generally, will be tolerable and helpful to smooth and successful successful administration; that the legislature will have effective financial control and lose none of its present powers and opportuni-Specific suggestions to secure these improvements have been made by the Indian witnesses before the Joint have been made by the Indian witnesses before the Joint Select Committee, and I will not lengthen this article by going into details here. Our hope lies in Mr. Montagu's efforts, in the statesmanship of the Joint Select Committee and the Cabinet, and in the liberality of Parliament. If the present opportunity is allowed to pass, the government of India will become an increasingly difficult task and no one can tell that England may not have to face another Ireland in India. Lord Curzon once said that no problem was beyond British statesman-India is waiting to see whether her ship to solve. problem will be solved-or shelved, and aggravated. Yours, &c.,

C. Y. CHINTAMANI, Editor of the "Leader" and Member of the Legislative Council, United Provinces.

# Letters to the Editor.

#### WIDNES AND RUSHOLME.

SIR,—The note by "Wayfarer" in last week's NATION on the Labor Party's decision to support the candidature of Dr. Dunstan at Rusholme would not call for any reply from me but for the suggestion that my personal honor is involved in assisting him against Mr. Pringle. In acting upon the instruction of my Executive to represent them, along with Mr. Clynes, in the contest, I 9.

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cannot see that I am, in any sense, adopting a different attitude from that which I took up in the Widnes contest. I fought my campaign as an opponent of the Coalition Government, and the local Liberals helped me because I was attacking the Government, not because they accepted the whole Labor programme. But at Rusholme, Mr. Pringle began his campaign with a direct attack upon the Parliamentary Labor Party before the National Executive had decided whether the Labor Party nationally should enter the contest at all.

In these circumstances, and having regard to the determination of the local Labor Party to contest the seat, the Executive approved the candidature and instructed me, as its Secretary, to do what I could to assist the Labor candidate.

It may please Mr. Hogge to call this conscription in the Labor Party, but when it is a question of loyalty to the Party with which I am officially connected—especially when it is attacked—then my course is clear.

In giving effect to these instructions I deny that I have broken any pledges or violated any obligation given or implied at Widnes.—Yours, &c.,

#### THE DIPLOMACY OF LORD GREY.

Sir.—Lord Grey's pre-war policy will require a good deal more explanation and defence than Professor Gilbert Murray gives it in his letter in your last issue if we are to be convinced, like he is, of its perfect wisdom. Lord Grey's apologists always manage to make the case of Lord Grey's critics appear quite irrefutable.

But I am not concerned with Professor Murray's sequence of arguments except in so far as he appears in his fourth section to attempt to shift the blame on to the shoulders of the then Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, for the ignorance of the Cabinet with regard to the "conversations," "agreement," "compact," "obligation," or whatever may be the right word, with France.

It is not a matter of Cabinet etiquette, as Professor Murray tries to make out. The question which must first be

answered is: What did Lord Grey tell the Prime Minister?

I was his Private Secretary at the time, but I do not retend for a moment that anyone in my position would have been entrusted with such an important bit of Cabinet information. As, however, Sir Henry's closest associates in the Cabinet seem to have been quite unaware of the agreement with France, surely the most natural inference is, not that Sir Henry Cambpbell-Bannerman, knowing fully the extent of our commitments, deliberately withheld the information from his Cabinet colleagues, but that Sir Henry himself had by no means been fully apprised of the exact nature of the understanding to which the Foreign Secretary had committed the nation.

I cannot help regretting that Professor Murray, in his eagerness to defend Lord Grey, should now lay the charge of concealment against a deceased statesman who cannot defend himself. There is nothing whatever, in my opinion, to justify the quite unwarrantable imputation in this paragraph of his letter.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PONSONEY.

Shulbride Priory, Sussex. September 23rd, 1919.

Sir,—Does not Professor Murray miss the point of the criticism of Lord Grey? It is no question of the sincerity of his character or the purity of his aims or the earnest efforts he made during the last fatal week to prevent Europe falling into the abyss. It is that his policy failed in its honest object of keeping the European peace. It may be, of course, that the possible alternative answers to M. Cambon when he "called" the second time might also have failed, but this is not so certain, "with all our present knowledge," as Professor Murray assumes. These alternative and the professor Murray assumes. These alternative and the professor Murray assumes. natives were: (1) To adhere to the refusal which was first natives were: (1) To adhere to the retusal which was first made, which would have deprived the German militarists of their plausible cry about a "ring of enemies"; and (2) to promise openly and frankly to support France against an unprovoked attack, which might have made them hesitate to challenge so strong an alliance.

Lord Grey's policy was neither one thing nor the other,

but a tertium quid, something so vague that it is possible for able men, fully informed, to dispute whether it was or was not a "compact" or an "obligation of honor" or "something else." Professor Murray himself truly calls it

But the most serious consequence of this vague "relation" with France was that it carried with it a still more vague semi-relation with Russia, which was nevertheless strong enough to tie our hands in relation to the doings of the rotten and cruel Government of the Czar, both at home and it. Persia, in a way which I am sure must have been very painful to Lord Grey. And there were still worse consequences to come. If Professor Murray could tell us Lord Grey's candid opinion of the deceitful proceedings of the military party in Petrograd during the last fateful week about "partial" or "complete" mobilization we might become still more doubtful of the wisdom of a policy which had led them to believe that they could count on the help of England in any event.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Endcliffe, Granville Road, Scarborough. September 21st, 1919.

SIR,-I have just read Prof. Gilbert Murray's letter in to-day's NATION. What would be said of a director of a company who, without informing his co-directors, equally responsible with him for the management of the concern, entered into binding engagements with other business con-

cerns? Bonds of honor ought to be more to a Liberal than contracts in black and white.

Honesty is the best policy, even in foreign politics. I shall only be too happy if this feeling of having been deceived by one whose word we trusted implicitly can be removed.—Yours, &c.,

AN ADMIRER OF HONEST "C .- B."

Richmond. September 20th, 1919.

SIR,—Professor Murray says the statement of the Prime Minister—" We had a compact with France, that if she were wantonly attacked the United Kingdom would go to her support "—is inexact.

May I suggest the only inexactness is in the latter part of the sentence and that the essential truth is that there was a compact to support France in any war with Germany. I read in the "Common Sense" report of the debate in the French Chamber on September 3rd that a discussion arose out of the statement by M. Franklin-Bouillon that, in his opinion, the new pact with England and America did not give France such satisfactory guarantees as the Agreement of 1912, which assured to France the support in case of war of six British divisions.

M. Tardieu înterrupted, and said there was no such provision in the agreement. M. Franklin-Bouillon replied it was true that the text of the Agreement did not mention the dispatch of six British divisions, but that conversations between the General Staffs had made every provision for the mobilization and embarkment of six British divisions. M. Tardieu continued the discussion by stating there was no treaty in 1912; letters were exchanged between the two Governments, but there was no formal engagement. M. Renaudel intervened to say that the evidence given before the Commission now sitting to inquire into the safety of the Briey mines clearly proved that the French General Staff had made its plans on the assumption that England would intervene in the case of war between France and Germany.

Admiral Bienaimé joined in with the remark that the naval agreement was equally precise, for he had had it in

As a matter of fact Marshal Joffre, giving evidence before the Briey Commission, said "a military convention with Great Britain existed, the terms of which were secret, but nevertheless the aid of six British divisions was counted upon and also the support of the Belgians." In the face of these facts, how is it possible to argue that we were free to judge when war actually came, or free to withhold our

Professor Murray invites us to think M. Cambon was justified in putting before Sir E. Grey the fear of an

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unjustified German onslaught on France. On the contrary side, Mr. Morel, in "Truth and the War," has quoted from the books published by the French military writer, Col. Boucher, with the significant titles of "France Victorious in the War of To-morrow," "The Offensive against Germany," and "Germany in Peril." In the latter he says: "Thus we see, when the time comes, and it may come soon, when Slavism desires to make an end of Germanism, the friendship of Russia can save us if we are fully determined to fulfil all our duties to her. Germany does not doubt that France would support her Ally with all her strength, choosing, however, the most favorable moment for intervention.

Count de Lalaing, Belgium Minister to London, could write to his Government in 1907: "It is evident that official England is secretly pursuing a hostile policy which aims at the isolation of Germany."—Yours, &c.,

T. SHRIMPTON.

Verney House, Torquay. September 22nd, 1919.

#### COLONEL LAWRENCE.

SIR,-In your article on "Another of the Race," you have pointed out that most of our greatest "adventurers" in Arabia were also brilliant writers. The same is emphatically true of Colonel Lawrence, though it is very doubtful whether his dislike of publicity would permit him to write for the public about his Arabian exploits.

In the files of various Government Departments, however, are many racy articles and reports by Lawrence, descriptive of the Bedouins and their (or rather his) military achievements in Hejaz. Most of these writings, at present reserved for the somewhat unappreciative eyes of a few Staff officers, would be of great interest to large numbers of readers, and no valid objection (if the author consented) could now be raised to their publication .- Yours, &c.,

#### THE ARMY AND RELIGION.

SIR,-Your article upon Dr. Cairn's report upon the above subject is likely to provoke mirth among the un-believers. The spectacle of many elderly men sitting for months to discover the effects of war upon religion is really grotesque. Have these gentlemen never read any history? If so, they must have heard of the Crusades, surely the most obviously "Christian" wars ever waged, and yet regarded by most men now as the type of stupidity and futility. They must also have heard of the "religious" wars of the Reformation, which surpassed most wars in brutality and cruelty, yet the effects of which in rending Christendom our reverend gentlemen now affect to deplore and to seek to

But of course, this present war, we shall be told, is exceptional. Exceptional wars are, one finds, the rule. But this war was to lead to such a Better Land that our excentional. clerics are quite shocked to find that all their patriotism, militarism and rhetoric have produced just its opposite. There were three well-marked stages in the ecclesiastical view of the war. First, it was going to produce a great revival. The Anglican Church even organized a great religious campaign—which failed. Secondly, the war itself became the great religious Cause and "the knock-out blow" the true Gospel. Pulpiteers became recruiters, theologians became political propagandists. By getting military exemption for themselves they had more time to see that other people did their duty. The platform was to some more congenial than the pulpit, the newspaper article than the sermon.

Thirdly, comes disillusionment, when statistics show that the Churches are failing, and when customs like the new dancing and the revival of pugilism-not to mention the increase of crime and venereal diseases-cause our pastors to wonder whether war is really good for religion. So we get a committee to find out such things as Dr. Cairns' report furnishes, things which are well known, broadly speaking, to anyone with a few soldier friends.

Much more valuable would be a report by a committee of soldiers upon the doings of the Church during the last five years. The verdict of young Europe is sufficiently plain.

Both Russia and Germany have disestablished Churches, Russia even disfranchising priests and punishing clerics who interfere in politics. The anti-clerical attitude of the Latin States is well known. A wave of anti-ecclesiasticism is sweeping across Europe, and will not stop till it has carried away those churchmen who in the great trial put patriotism before Christianity .- Yours, &c.,

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## THE "TEMPS," ISVOLSKY, AND ANOTHER.

SIR,-I learn from the "Temps" of last Saturday evening that a French periodical, "L'Europe Nouvelle," done me the honor of noticing my article on the late M. Isvolsky published in The NATION of August 23rd. The "Temps," which reproduces the article of "L'Europe Nouvelle," or a great part of it, says that the documents published therein prove that in September, 1912, M. Poincaré's relations with Austria were "most cordial." It also says that they "formally refute" my "thesis." The "Temps" cannot have read my article. I never said that M. Poincaré's relations with Austria were not cordial in 1912. No doubt they were. I have never supposed for a moment that M. Poincaré communicated to the Austrian Government the pledge which he gave on September 12th, 1912, to M. Isvolsky. The documents published by "L'Europe Nouvelle" are quite interesting, and certainly prove that neither the French nor the Russian Governments wanted a war in 1912. But they are quite irrelevant to my article, in which there was not the slightest suggestion that either Government wanted a war at that date. The most interesting thing about the article of "L'Europe Nouvelle," which is obviously semi-official, is that, so far as can be gathered from the account of it in the "Temps," it does not dispute the authenticity of M. Isvolsky's statement about the pledge given to him by M. Poincaré in September, 1912. And being unable to dispute its authenticity, it tries to diminish its gravity and its possible effect on public opinion by publishing documents which, although they are not in the least inconsistent with the statement, might seem to a

superficial reader to be so.

The "Temps" suggests that my article was part of a "campaign," the object of which "seems to be to expose, at the moment of the discussion of the Peace Treaty by the American Senate, the alleged tendencious aims of Franco-Russian policy and to make impossible the nomination of Sir Edward Grey as British Envoy Extraordinary at Washington." The "Temps" is to be congratulated on its imagination; it knows more than I do about the object of my article. No such Machiavellian scheme had ever occurred to me, nor should I have ever suspected that a humble obituary notice could have such portentous results. I assure the "Temps" that my article had no other object than that of giving a true account of some incidents in the career of a diplomatist who oweu source part. Ac., loyal and unfailing support.—Yours, &c., a diplomatist who owed some part of his success to its

September 22nd, 1919.

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

Sir,-That every word of what you write about the need for the better protection of wild birds, and the astonishing callousness of the average man and woman as regards this question, is absolutely justified is proved by the following incident. I crossed to France on September 17th from Newhaven to Dieppe. Suddenly in mid-Channel there was a sound of rifle-firing from the bridge. Like everyone else, I looked to find the explanation of these reports, and saw, to my disgust, that an unhappy gull (or sea-bird of some kind) had been fired at by one of the officers on the bridge, and was floundering, apparently wourded, on the water. boat, of course, passed on, and the bird was left to its fate.

Now it is impossible to imagine anything more wantonly cruel than to try to inflict sudden death or suffering in this way on a beautiful bird enjoying its life over the sea, for absolutely no reason whatever.—Yours, &c.,

ROLLO H. MYERS.

1, Rue Bruller XIVe, Paris. September 18th, 1919.

#### "VERS LIBRE."

SIR,-I am one of the angels referred to by "H. J. M." in his causerie last week, and I would like to stretch out my "mighty and thunderbolt-thewed limb" and kick, not the past I rather love than scorn, but the present ignorance of "H. J. M." himself. You will remember, Sir, that he attempted to demolish the angels of vers libre by an appeal to Francis Thompson and natural history. I will not comment on the charming diversity of these sources of inspiration, but I will, with your permission, explain for the benefit of "H. J. M." that some vers-librists ascribe their new methods to a study of that very natural history he relies on for our confutation. For in the course of such studies these vers-librists obtained a conviction that regular metre and rhyme were incidentals on a level with the tom-

Further, I want to deny that vers-librists are foolish enough to turn their backs on the past, as "H. J. M." implies. But I should explain that by the past I mean the Only that appalling degradation of pre-Victorian past. criticism which during the last hundred years has established such erroneous criteria as those implied in such phrases as "poetry is the music of words," "this so-called poetry is merely prose cut into lengths," &c.—only such criticism could have elected euphonic triflers like Swinburne and Francis Thompson to a position that presumes to dwarf a sublime genius like John Donne. Poetry is the spiritualization of experience; aught else is a titillation for infantile

brains.

As a vers-librist I don't deny the disciplinary value of form: I exalt it. I have worked out the bases of vers libre form, and any intelligent editor can have them for the asking. Here I would only point out that it amounts to this: "H. J. M." and his like argue as though the only form of form was a cube. Vers-librists have perceived that it might be a cone or a sphere—or even some symmetry unknown to metricians.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT READ.

1917 Club, 4, Gerrard Street, W. 1.

-The very interesting remarks of "H. J. M." in you last issue on vers libre bring to my mind the famous sonnet of Goethe on the interdependence of Nature and Art and their interlacement in all high achievement. Perhaps its citation may lend support to the remarks in question, and to that end I venture to ask you to allow me to quote it. The sonnet is entitled, "Natur und Kunst," and is as follows : -

"Natur und Kunst sie scheinen sich zu fliehen, Und haben sich, eh' man es denkt, gefunden; Der Widerwille ist auch mir verschwunden, Und beide scheinen gleich mich anzuziehen.

Es gilt wohl nur ein redliches Bemühen! Und wenn wir erst in abgemess'nen Stunden Mit Geist und Fleiss uns an die Kunst gebunden, Mag frei Natur in Herzen wieder glühen.

So ist's mit aller Bildung auch beschaffen: Vergebens werden ungebundne Geister Nach der Vollendung reiner Höhe streben.

Wer Grosses will muss sich zusammenraffen; In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister, Und das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben."

-Yours, &c.,

T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON.

SIR,-Perhaps you will permit me to make a brief reply to "H. J. M." whose comments on vers libre appeared in your last issue.

"H. J. M." assumes that vers libre implies a break with the past. This is simply not the case. The metrical forms that we possess developed out of more primitive forms, which were sung or chanted, and which were both looser and more free. Besides, in the opinion of at least one eminent student of metrics at the present day, Dr. Rudmore Brown, not only English, but most Western European languages, preserve two distinct types of verse: the syllabic and the non-syllabic, or, as the same authority prefers to call them, alternating verse and accentual verse.

Moreover, if we are to admit the authority of the past in these matters, what about Whitman, Campion, Blake?

What about the Pindaric Odes? What about alliterative Anglo-Saxon versification and its development in middle English poetry and in "Piers Plowman"? What about Milton and Matthew Arnold? Surely there is some authority for vers libre after all.

As regards the idea that free verse is incompatible with "the order and law of the universe," this is another fallacy. If the order and law of the universe is merely a fixed, immutable, mechanical arrangement permitting of neither change, growth, nor deviation, so much the worse for us. I prefer to look on the universe as containing endless variety numberless variations springing out of unity. The universe is a symphony, embracing in its multiplicity many instruments from the "fourteen lines and alternate rhymes" of Shakespeare to the irregular rhythms of Whitman and To set one above the other is absurd.

Finally, as to the charge that the vers libre poets lack a sense of vision, and are without "the natural history view of life," may I say that this fault is shared by many of their strictly metrical confrères? For the "natural history view of life," if it teaches us anything, teaches us that a species which fails to adapt itself to changing conditions inevitably perishes. Many of the metrical poets are simply disobeying

this injunction .- Yours, &c.,

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

37, Crystal Palace Park Road, Sydenham, S.E. 26.

#### THE PLIGHT OF ALBANIA.

SIR,-We have just received the following account of the condition of North Albania, in which both Italy and Serbia are striving to obtain, politically, the upper hand, to the intense irritation and detriment of the native population,

who appeal for fair play.

"What can we do?" says the document which bears many important signatures. "At times we feel almost paralyzed and suffocated with anxiety. (1) The Serbs are constantly extending their zone of invasion. (2) The Italians favor this movement indirectly and aim mortal blows at our patriotic activity, at our liberty, and at our territorial

"(3) The ambitions of the Serbs and the intrigues of Italy have transformed our happy Fatherland into a field of political antagonism such as was brought about in 1914,

and make our position intolerable.

"The Serbs continue to occupy the strongest strategical points in our land under the pretence of stopping Italian expansion, and the Italians have spread their troops from Dibra to Puka and Kastrati under pretence of stopping the advance of the Serbs. Our gendarmerie faced with this double invasion, is between the hammer and the anvil.

"Moreover, our people are no longer safe, even in their private business, from the intervention of the military authorities, both Serb and Italian. And their officers are completely ignorant of the psychology of our people and of their customs. This deplorable situation has caused great excitement against Italy. . . . This is how the Serbs are behaving in Kosovo. They have imprisoned 800 Albanians of Prizren, 300 of Tetova, and 700 of Prishtina. They are forcing Albanians between nineteen and thirty to serve in their army. They have confiscated the lands of Albanian notables and given them to Serbs. Treacherous assassina-tions have occurred in many places."

A meeting has been hold at Tirana by the Albanians to

protest against Serb conduct in Kosovo and against the non-evacuation of Valona by Italy. Italy and Serbia are making a battleground of Albania. "The Italians, since their arrival in Albania, have continued to increase the number of their agents, and strive to sow disorder among the Albanians by encouraging religious and political and even private differences. In the districts of Ipek, Djakova,

even private differences. In the districts of Tpek, Djakova, and Prizren the Serbs have been seizing the corn from the Beys and other landed proprietors, and leaving them barely enough to keep them from starvation."

"The present policy of Italy may lead to the dismemberment of Albania and give rise to very serious trouble. The conduct of the Serbs is such as will lead to fire and bloodshed. We cannot believe that Europe will commit the crime of creating a second Poland in the Balkans at the very moment when, at great sacrifice, she has repaired her crime of the eighteenth century. We are deeply convinced that Great Britain cannot permit such a disastrous solution.

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For we know that up to the present the British nation has generously defended the just cause of a people who ask only to be allowed to live and develop freely."

This is surely a case for the League of Nations. Albania's independence was guaranteed her by the Powers in 1913, and in asking that this independence shall be respected she asks no more than did Belgium, and has the same right to recognition and to reparation .- Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM,

Hon. Sec., Anglo-Albanian Society. 71, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W. 3.

September 23rd, 1919.

#### PRIVATE DEBTS TO GERMANY.

SIR,-At the beginning of the war I was owing money in marks to a German banker, and money in Italian lires to a Belgian manufacturer.

The latter I have paid at the rate of exchange of 30.00, thereby making a profit of 20 per cent. without causing a loss to my purveyor.

How is it I am not allowed to settle up my German account? I could to-day buy marks 100,000.00 which I am owing there for about £1,000. It may be some of your readers can enlighten me.—Yours, &c.,
A MANCHESTER MAN.

Manchester, September 23rd, 1919.

#### A LEAGUE OF YOUTH.

SIR,-Mr. Siegfried Sassoon and yourself may be interested to learn that a British League of Youth is already in existence. Mr. Lloyd George is the President, and the official letter-paper of the League is headed with the following quotation from Mr. Benjamin Kidd:

"Give us the young. Give us the young, and we will create a new earth."

This Lloyd Georgian League was introduced into the world by Lord Bryce, the Bishop of London, and Dr. Clifford. Its principal objects, according to an interview with its secretary, Mr. J. Aubrey Rees, are to "suggest and advocate the claims of Youth in the filling of public offices." (With this goal in view the selection of Mr. Lloyd George as President may be regarded as an inspiration.) "To promote and secure the adoption of schemes aiming at an increase in production."

"We believe," explains Mr. Rees, "that Youth hitherto has been 'misdirected.'" It will be the object of the League, under the presidency of Mr. Lloyd George and with the assistance of the Bishop of London, etc., etc., "to en-courage and organize among the youth of both sexes the study of contemporary history and present-day political problems and movements." Towards which object is to be invited the co-operation of the Universities, the public

Is it too late for a real League of Youth to be established? Of men and women, say, under forty, who would be allowed to think and act for themselves.—Yours, &c., JEROME K. JEROME.

Wood End House, Marlow September 24th, 1919.

## THE FRENCH PICTURES.

Sir,-Ten years ago I should have felt inclined to argue with some of your correspondents. To-day it would be absurd. Even "The Times" now admits officially that the battle is won and, in its special French supplement (September 6th), recognizes Cézanne, Renoir, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and le douanier Rousseau as the old, and Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Lhote, de Vlaminck, &c., as the young masters of modern painting. The same truths were, of course, recognized long ago by "The Times" art critic; but, for my purpose, the judgment of a highly trained and sensitive expert counts as nothing in comparison with the pompous pronouncements of a special supplement. It must now be obvious to all that the battle is over, and that Dr. Greville MacDonald and his friends are the gallant defenders of a lost cause. As such they are entitled to our affectionate esteem, for which, however, they are not likely to thank us.

Nevertheless, I should be glad, in all friendliness, to

offer some of them a word of advice. For instance, who has been telling Dr. MacDonald that when a baby picks a flower it takes it to its mother? Don't you believe it, doctor. was this fellow, not the cubists, who was pulling your leg. When a baby picks a flower it puts it into its mouth, and, if given time, swallows it. There was a bit in the papers the other day about a child's dying from having thus swallowed a scrap of lettuce. What might not have happened had it been a dandelion or a peacock's feather? I call it a shame to put such jokes on "a family man," which is what I take the doctor to be.

The Philistine seems anxious to learn, so I will do my best to help him. In the first place, it is a mistake to attack an artist by name until you have taken the trouble to make sure that the picture complained of is really his doing. And, then, about that "Flora" of Praxiteles, the title of which, by the way, should have put my critic on his guard. We have but one authentic statue by Praxiteles, "The Hermes" Lord Leconfield's "Head of Aphrodite" is supposed to be not very far from the original; and the following copies are reckoned by experts to have about them some reminiscence of the real thing: "The Silenus," "The Satyr," two figures of Eros, "The Artemis," "The Zeus," two figures of Dionysos, and "The Apollo." All existing copies of the "Aphrodite of Cnidos" are generally considered too feeble to give any idea of the original. It is to be presumed, therefore, that our Philistine has either dubbed one of these copies. "Flora," or—and this seems more probable—wandering through the Vatican, has been enchanted by some bit of Roman rubbish which, in a gallery from which the rude breath of scholarship is appropriately enough excluded, still bears the thrilling label "Praxiteles." I hope that this little controversy will suggest to Philistine, who seems to be a good, modest sort of man, the extreme impropriety, not to say folly, of meddling in matters about which one knows nothing?

I cannot tell whether the gentleman who prefers to con-I cannot tell whether the gentleman who prefers to conceal his name will be glad or sorry to learn that "Claude Lantier" is Zola's conception of Cézanne. In any case, this scrap of information should help to tidy up his mind by showing him that the movement, of whose beginnings Zola wrote in "L'Œuvre," is the one that to-day triumphs throughout Europe and America.

Finally, may I say how happy it made me to see a letter from Mr. Cobden-Sanderson. I had made sure that he was dead. It is a pity that he will not read my book, which might have put him in the way of new æsthetic pleasures. But Mr. Sanderson I suspect would regard it as an act of disloyalty to care much for anything for which Morris had not cared; and loyalty is a virtue that excuses worse things not cared; and loyalty is a virtue class.

than obstinacy and ill-temper.—Yours, &c.,

CLIVE BELL.

Sir.—My only excuse for a further trespass is that having taken Mr. Clive Bell's advice and bought his book I see clearly I must always differ from these French artists. We hold different concepts of Beauty. Mr. Bell claims that æsthetics concern only Art, and that it alone can give us Beauty's peculiar emotion-one, in fact, altogether separate from the common human emotions. But most of us decline to dissociate Beauty from Art-at any rate, as soon as we are emancipated from Royal Academy standards. Many, moreover, will agree with me in claiming that a passionate sense of Beauty is an intimate belonging of Man, and is quintessential in every emotion and ideal he is capable of experiencing. Some may even venture to define the relation of Beauty to Art and declare that the sublimity of Beauty is found wherever the Divine Spirit has moved over the Waters of the formless and void; and that Art is achieved when Man, inspired by some vision of magical Beauty-as the Matterhorn piercing the heavenly blue, a primrose glade, or a woman's face-must perforce worship, and then, because of the spiritual joy awakened, comes down to earth again and does what he can to let his brother see also some of the light that should light every man. Such a one, if he be any sort of craftsman, will decorate some bowl he has made, paint some picture, imagine some cathedral in such wise that he is taking part, great or small, in the everlasting

mission of Beauty.

Judging from Mr. Clive Bell's teaching, one has no more right to trust his instinctive love of Beauty without 125

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first graduating in the school of post-impressionism than a nrst graduating in the school of post-impressionism than a child his instinct for food until he has qualified himself in experimental physiology! It is because of an increasing sense of our instincts' authenticity that so many have revolted from Burlington House and South Kensington, and do now again revolt from the preciousness of Mr. Clive Bell's acid test, "Significant Form." But not even violence in destructive criticism invokes power to teach or create. Though these French painters do not inspire me, they would be dangerous were they not very sick men: their malady is incurable because, believing in nothing else, they overeat themselves. So we need take no thought for the morrow: Ars longa, vita brevis; or, in freer English: A long rope and a quick drop!-Yours, &c.,

GREVILLE MACDONALD.

Bude. September 16th, 1919.

#### ON CUTTING SHAKESPEARE.

Sir,-May I add a belated word to this controversy? It seems to me that it is quite inadmissible to prefer one's own opinion, either upon text or structure, to Shakespeare's when he has indubitably expressed it. But the cutting of corrupt passages does not come under this rule; I would cut out a mass of printer's errors from the text of Mr. Shaw himself, if he were unfortunately not there to correct them.

I find (as an example) that in a production of "The Winter's Tale" I did cut out the "sneaping winds" passage on the ground that it was unintelligible; but I retained the one with "Affection, thy intention stabs the centre," because, though they are certainly wild and whirling words, they are, for that, it seems to me, the more indicative of Leontes' quiet pathological state of mind. An intentional obscurity surely, and a quite legitimate dramatic effect. We must remember that Shakespeare worked with words and not with "business," as a modern author might.

When one protests that if you act them as they were meant to be acted, the plays need never be cut on the score of their length, one is met by the query, "What about 'Hamlet'?" But, with the possible exception of "Lear" this is the only one that need weary us at a sitting, if we care less about scenery than Shakespeare, and if the actors are trained speakers, and we—it is equally important—trained listeners. And "Hamlet" stands apart. For there is the Quarto, the true text of which was written presumably when Shakespeare was in closest everyday touch with the theatre, and considerate of its commercial requirements. This can be played in three hours or less. I don't presume to dogmatize on the history of the Folio version, but it does seem rather to be the work of a dramatist of established reputation, who, wearying of mere success, comes to think, naturally When one protests that if you act them as they were tion, who, wearying of mere success, comes to think, naturally and justly perhaps, more of his own purposes than the opinion of a manager who values him mainly in the measure of his popularity. If it be objected that Shakespeare was a "practical" man, it must also be remembered that he had shares in the theatre. I have sometimes wondered whether his selling out did not connote a growing coldness in the managerial reception of his later manuscripts.

Not that they refused his plays, or acted them otherwise than they were written; for Shakespeare was then a recognized dramatist. He is now less that than a fetish, and, as is well-known, we always cheat our fetishes when we can. -Yours, &c.

H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

September 16th, 1919.

#### "FLAUNTING EXTRAVAGANCE."

Sir,—It is possible to agree that we all spend too much on our food without condemning too hastily the alleged "extravagance" of your correspondent's "young naval officer." "Panurge" himself could not have escaped the initial charge for lunch, and tea and a bottle of Bass may, I think, pass so far as the officer was concerned, whatever one may think of the railway company's charges in a thirdclass dining car. (Does not the fact that the officer travelled third-class, against Regulations I believe, stand to his credit on the score of economy?)

There remains an unnecessary whisky and a cigar, which last might possibly, but not certainly, have been more cheaply bought elsewhere. The "tip," too, might have been cheaply bought elsewhere. The "tip," too, might have been halved, but I fail to see that the unavoidable extravagance really amounted to very much more than the tedium of a

railway journey might excuse. Assuming that there is no extravagance in lunching on the train, assuming that "Panurge" himself had coffee and a drink, and did not omit the waiter's "tip," I don't suppose he got out of the car much under 6s. A good many travellers, by the way, would like to enter a protest both against the price and the contents of some of the luncheon baskets provided by the railway companies. Yours &c. companies .- Yours, &c.,

DR. ARNOLD AND IRELAND.
Sir,—Your issue of August 9th, which contains Mr.
Nevinson's sombre, but fully justified denunciation of the present Government of Ireland, contains also a reference to Mr. Strachey and Dr. Arnold. It may be worth while to quote two passages from Arnold's letters, which show that his views on the Irish question differed widely from those of Mr. Macpherson and Mr. Strachey. Both will be found in Stanley's "Life of Thomas Arnold."

The first is in a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin,

written in 1833, and dealing with Catholic Emancipation:-

"I always grounded the right to emancipation on the principle that Ireland was a distinct nation, entitled to govern itself."

The second occurs in a letter to W. W. Hull, written in

1836:—

"Ireland . . . which is the land of Irishmen, and from which we ought to go, and not the Irish, if our consciences clamor against living with them according to justice." -Yours, &c.,

J. O. MURRAY.

Winnipeg. September 4th, 1919.

# Poetry.

THE INTRUDER.

I HAVE given all. So, if you want neither my gifts nor me, I have lost all.

My purse is bare; I can give nought to buy A place by some strange hearth where I may dwell: So, if your door is shut, I must pass by. Farewell!

#### MONOGAMY.

How can I twice give all I have? How, twice, such utter oneness crave, That, soul and spirit being close interknit, Sense must come too, or all be incomplete; A trinity within a single kiss. Having done this, How can I pluck away again myself from his?

I have no longer aught to give, If others ask, while I do live. My soul no more is mine, since, all unsought, The miracle of our twofold love was wrought. Linked with his life my life must ever move, That moment prove, The very body and blood and sacrament of love!

#### THE SIGN.

I KNEW, That they had found an end, Those two; When she, my friend, Began to kiss me with a different kiss, A kiss I knew.

To me, Her lips are still as sweet, And she; Yet I must weep. She kissed me with the kiss my lover taught, When he loved me!

# The Morld of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT. THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:-

"Some Diversions of a Man of Letters." By Edmund Gosse.
(Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
"William Blake the Man." By Charles Gardner. (Dent.

(Helneman, 10s. 6d.)

"William Blake the Man." By Charles Gardine.

10s. 6d.)

"Voyages on the Yukon and its Tributaries." By Hudson Stuck, D.D., F.R.G.S. (Werner Laurie. 25s.)

"A Muse at Sea." Poetry by E. Hilton Young. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 2s. 6d.)

My references to those familiar book-shops where one goes to purchase a fountain pen, or yellow art pottery, or the "Way of an Eagle," and now and then a veritable book ("We haven't got it, sir, but we can get it for you") appears to have annoyed some people, and as the letters are anonymous and have no addresses, I suppose them to be booksellers who fear lest I might call on them with an order for a good work of which they have never heard. One of them seems to have an unfair suspicion that I was trying to express contempt for the business ability of the bookseller, and there is more than a suggestion in his letter that if I went into his book-shop I should have to buy a mascot for every pocket to save my luck from his evil eye.

I know nothing of his business ability. I was merely suggesting that one likes to find books in a book-shop, and that golliwogs and mural admonitions from the works of Mrs. Wilcox are not satisfying substitutes for literature. In such a store only recently they not only did not have a new novel by an artist of ours with an international reputation, but they did not know it was published (it had been reviewed by every newspaper of consequence that week), and they took nearly a fortnight to get it. A grocer who knew no more of his groceries than their prices, nothing of origins and qualities, would shortly have to apply his knowledge to some simple and understandable line such as bootlaces only. But the grocer has the luck to meet customers who nearly always know exactly what they want. They can even write down what they want. To the man having no understanding of literature, but who retails literature, it must happen very frequently that a customer desires, not a specific work, but, knowing no more of the insides of books than the vendor, a recommendation to "something to read"; and it is through that open space in the minds of both the vendor and the buyer of books that e "best seller" pushes his way. It is easy to recommend "best seller." It requires no thought and no effort, and clearly it is of great assistance to the bookseller to be able to keep a stock of books about which he need know nothing except that they are popularly suggested.

\* An understanding of the written word which is as acute and appreciative as the survey of stock by a good farmer is even rarer than the gift of quiet laughter great politicians are making grave statements. think many more of us have the capacity for that understanding, which recognizes beauty when words make it, than might be supposed from a railway book-stall. reading to an intelligent child an ode of Keats, and you will find that though the poem is but dimly translated in its mind, the untranslatable part, the magic, is at once a new wonder and delight. This no doubt seems strange, and even wrong, to those who wish us to believe that it is harder to respond to the appeal of beauty than for a camel to go through a needle's eye. I am aware that the child's instant response might be taken to prove that Keats was not a poet, if we were to accept the inferences from those violent insults which THE NATION has permitted itself to convey between correspondents over the recent exhibition at Messrs. Heal's of pictures by the Post-Impressionists; for the admirers of those pictures, secure in their knowledge that they were predestined, like the disciples of Calvin and Knox; that they are divinely Touched, and Elected to Salvation, deride those who are eager to be saved, but who,

alas! came into this world born as very goats, and must stand in that nature, amusing but condemned, unaware of the joke of their goathood, before the art which shows us visualizations of things as they are when freed from human associations; Significant Form embodying the Ultimate Reality. It is likely that a picture of the ultimate reality in that form may cause goats to blatter, and transport to ecstasy only those who are touched. But I do not know. not taking part in that discussion. Pictures may be as difficult of approach as the Sublime Presence of the Unimaginable. The joke is difficult. But the fellowship with poetry is another matter. There are few children that are insensitive to the appeal of poetry. As we get older, and our callosities thicken under the traffic of politics and affairs, certainly we do begin to stare, with the fixed and puzzled intent of the true ruminant, at the sound of noble language. Still, long before the mind gets to that stage, the stage when a man anoints with a little golf the spreadings of the cankerous thought of money, it is possible even for booksellers to do much for us, as the following letter from a correspondent shows.

"I know the book-shops you mean. I know hardly any others. My feeling when entering one is that it is a draper's side show, for ladies principally, and that I ought really to be accompanied by the wife. a small Sussex town—what nice people call a "good" neighborhood, select intelligences having been induced there by a gravel soil and pine woods. Two public schools use its railway station; and a large proportion of the population about it are hard at work reconstructions that the state of t structing their golf form, encouraging the motor industry. enlarging their ideas of private ownership, and no doubt would condescend to drop a crust or two to the useless arts if ever their attention was called to a really deserving case. I am sure they would buy books, if they had the matter pointed out to them in a judicious way, and am almost as sure that they would enjoy them. But where can they get books? The truth is that when running up to London there is not a shop in this town where an "Everyman" volume may be bought. You may purchase only writing pads, children's picture books, and the works of those novelists who are so well-established that they are as much stocklines as bed-socks in the next department. When deploring this one night with some friends I took the view, naturally, that it was the fault of the public. If the public desired anything better, then it would be there. A friend opposed this. She said it was merely the commercial intelligence which was at fault; that booksellers naturally took the safe and easy course, reacting to popular suggestion just in the way any little lady gets her politics from Lord Rothermere's illustrated papers: like influenza is got on a wet day.

"SHE said, very boldly, that she would prove it by opening a book-shop in that very town, and would sell there only such books as one could honestly recommend to friends; and forthwith went to look for premises. It was impossible to turn her from this ruinous career. She found a suitable building, a good Tudor house, in the Market Square. That building was made to look attractive. was stocked only with those books we could recommend—books we knew. We filled shelves with the younger poets, adding those to the classics. We made a great feature of belles-lettres, up to Mr. Yeats's latest volumes. Remembering our own neighborhood, we selected all the best things we knew on gardens, bees, fruit culture, town planning, trees, motors, poultry, cattle, dogs, sport, and the other interesting things our neighbors discuss. I don't believe one effort at mere 'book-making' intrigued itself on our shelves. As to fiction, we are past-masters, and it will puzzle some of the younger novelists to get into our shop. We keep nothing but the best, and we can explain to any customer who consults us why it is better than anything we have not got. One day we opened our shop a little before Christmas, and when we closed it the till had netted £40. Since then the shop has run on, of its own volition, without giving us any anxiety. It more than pays for itself. It pays us. We have proved that the public will buy good books, if they are offered with the confident advice that ought to be the result of pro-fessional experience."

H. M. T.

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"JAZZED TO THE WORLD"

#### COST OF CLOTHES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I am seldom serious . . . for long. And so these notes will naturally be short.
I seldom write of clothes—it is such a serious subject . . . with men a very sombre one.
But since we are exhorted by the Powers That Think They Be to economise, I will deal with the cost.
The prices charged by this House are less than double those of pre-war. The minimum price before war for a lounge sult was six guineas, and the most expensive cashmeres about eight guineas. The minimum price now for a tweed suit is ten guineas, and for cashmeres from twelve to fourteen. And yet early this year I placed orders for sufficient woollen materials to make about £100,000 of suits at 160 per cent. increase on 1914 prices.
This is a cold statement of fact, and not a camouflage of figure juggling. And if the prices charged at present were reduced by 10 per cent. the Shareholder of Pope and Bradley, there is only one—myself—would be compelled to live on the unemployment dole or become a Cabinet Minister, or a Pharisee or a Publican or a Republican.

Now the prices charged by Pope and Bradley are for very good clothes. Compare them, please, with the prices charged for very bad beer.

The price of bad beer is about four times as much as it was pre-war for good beer. Which is equivalent to Pope and Bradley charging thirty-two guineas for a suit so bad that even a brewer would be ashamed to be seen wearing it in the suburbs on Sunday evening.

Compare also the price of 'anemic' Gin, of Manchurian Beef, of the beneficial Banana, or the feminine splotch of chiffon at twenty-five guineas—an unblushing figure that does not even conceal an unblushing figure.

These are problems for the Profiteering Tribunals when they eventually commandeer and sit in the British Museum.

And all the time the Government sardonically laughs, knowing itself the greatest Profiteer of all. For when their brains went wool-gathering up went the prices of clothes.

I will retrain from further argument lest this House be mistaken for a Philanthropile In

Lounge Suits from £16 10 0 Dinner Suits from £14 14 0 Overcoats from £10 10 0 Riding Breeches from £5 15 6

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The Sister of Literature Tobacco **Prof.** SirWalterRaleigh in the Times



A pipe! It is a great soother a pleasant comforter. Blue devils fly before it's honest breath. It ripens the brain, it opens the heart; and the man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan" LORD LYTTON

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IN THREE STRENGTHS-

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#### OUR · READERS' · OPINIONS

" Your paper - wherein the lamp of true liberalism is still burning amidst surrounding darkness - has become a spiritual habit of mine, and I don't see how I could do without it to pass through these days of heavy despot-ism tempered—nay aggravated—by an empty verbalism."

PAUL HAMELLE, Orleans, Sept. 4, 1919

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# Rebiews.

#### THE PHILANDERERS.

"Heartbreak House, Great Catherine, and Playlets of the War." By Bernard Shaw. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

Now that the Host of Satan (in which we do not include the British soldier) has been temporarily and partially "de-mobbed," see the advancing banners of the Army of the Lord. See the followers of Jesus emerge from their prisons, and his Church from her "funk-hole." especially the reappearance of the artists. It was inevitable that the war, which killed out whole nests of our younger singing-birds, should virtually silence the critical and Modern Literature is international; imaginative writer. the realm of the mind, as Mr. Shaw says, knows no frontiers. For the literary man, accustomed to the European tradition, the strife of nations cut off great tracts of his intellectual life and poisoned others. Even when it yielded, as it did yield, the amplest material for satire, pity or indignation or patriotic concern closed the satirist's mouth. The destruction of youth in itself robbed art of its natural food, no less than of its faculty of creation and renewal, and its joy in existence. Who, amid the agony of boyhood, cared to write of love? Who could shoot at folly, when the world had become a madhouse, and the critic's sensitive reason seemed even to himself to be shaken on its throne? Thus the true man of letters, denied his habitual spiritual pasture, and living a starved life on Nationalism of the better or the worser kind, submitted to silence or to half-silence. Perhaps it was just as well, for even if wisdom had spoken no man would have regarded her.

Now, however, the embargo on thought being removed, the thinkers have in a measure come to their own again. Mr. Shaw's silence as a dramatist, though not as a pamphleteer, has been only half voluntary. His "O'Flaherty, V.C.," written during the war, was refused a licence by the Censor, and our stage thereby closed to a pleasant drollery, well suited to relax the grim face of war. The idea of the returned "V.C.," afraid to meet his Fenian mother because he had told her he had gone to fight the English, might have shocked an owl of a brigadier, but it would have made the rest of the world laugh, including even the Hun. In "Heartbreak House" an unplayed (and perhaps unplayable) comedy, and in a series of provocative prefaces to that and some slighter dramatic work, Mr. Shaw comes to closer terms with his subject. The bestconducted war puts sense to school to folly, and evil on the throne of good. Mr. Shaw's humor was not likely to over-look the tragi-comedy of such a reversal. He is a rationalist, who, like Voltaire, the greatest member of the school, sees life not as an image of perfection, but through his vision of what a simple, "business-like," and not even over-liberal application of good feeling, benevolence, consideration for others, and understanding of their "case"-a kind of unidealized Christianity-could make it.

Viewed through this medium of common-sense, war will always seem a monster. Nor can the rationalist console himself with the thought that his country inflicts damage in sustaining it. "To the truly civilized man, to the good European, the slaughter of the German youth was as disastrous as the English. Fools exulted in German losses. They were our losses as well. Imagine exulting in the death of Beethoven because Bill Sikes dealt him his death-blow.' The civilian mind, indeed, showed itself incapable of nearly every kind of moral measurement. In 1915 the slaughter of Gallipoli and Neuve Chapelle passed as average incidents of war, though ship after ship sank, and the bodies of thousands of boys were torn to fragments. But the sinking of the "Lusitania," or the discharge of a bomb on the heads of a mother and a child, roused a whole population to frenzy. That is the usual way in which man reacts under the complete mental disarray produced by war. But to the intellectual such a confusion of values seems almost the worst thing about it. His quarrel with war is that while it permits a low type of thinking, it puts the higher

work of the intellect out of action. Thus the English dramatic revival of the two pre-war decades all but died away, playwrights and artists being mostly employed in cheering up Tommies from the front. That was a minor loss; but when German names were erased from the rolls of British science, and German professors expelled with insult from British schools, a good part of the stuff of civilization seemed to have been blown away. Law did no better than learning. It persecuted pacifists, and acquitted soldiers on proved indictments for murder. Religion having nothing to do on its own, (as usual) outdid militarism.

Mr. Shaw's indictment of war proceeds, as every considered impeachment of a state of culture (in the German sense) must proceed, from his view of the intellectual leader-ship of the nation. What was this England that got mixed up in the dreadful mêlée, or, at least, what was its ruling Society like? The answer is given in the more than half-symbolical "Heartbreak House." There were two Societies. There were two Societies. There was the Society of the Nice and the Futile; and there was the Society of the Horsey Barbarians. Save for an occasional love-affair, the two rarely mingled: but between them they made up "influential" England. The first was by way of being advanced, free-thinking, but unreal, living for fiction and poetry, or its vision of personal refinement, and not a little for sex. Its real capital was in Capua, while that of the barbarians was Melton Mowbray. Both neglected the things that mattered, such as political and social science and international diplomacy. Nature let these innocent-guilty ones play on, till she struck them (or their children) down with

the unimagined plague of the war.

This is the thesis. It is expounded in "Heartbreak House," a British Abbey of Thelema, given up to a riot of talkative flirtation. The lovers are extremely explanatory and analytical of themselves and of each other, and as most of their hearts had been broken before, the catastrophe of the sudden removal of one of them (and a burglar) by a German bomb should not be irremediable. Nor do the personages really matter. The three women, Lady Utterword, Mrs. Hushabye, and Ellie Dunn, are in the line of the ensnarer-deliverers, the men of the tempter-victims, with whom Mr. Shaw's earlier and later plays have made us familiar, and they make an amusing and complicated play of their entanglements. But essentially they are symbols, and their purpose is to exhibit an embarrassment of society rather than of the individual soul. They are really too will-less, too undirected, to go on. And they have lost faith in their own right to existence, and their power to enjoy it.
"Either," says Hector, "some new creation will come to supplant us as we have suppplanted the animals, or the heavens will fall in thunder and destroy us." That is what the father of the family, the mad-wise Captain Shotover, contemplates, and what a German bomb all but effects. The church indeed is hit, and the rectory reduced to a "heap of bricks." The seculars live on, in "the soul's prison called England," or as Captain Shotover, the sea-farer, has it, as the crew of a ship on the rocks, her rotten timbers splintered, and her rusty plates torn to fragments.

Thus far "Heartbreak House" and its inhabitants. It is Mr. Shaw's intention, we imagine, to leave out of account what was capable in the later conduct of our affairs. Physical courage and energy, and their moral equivalent, devotion to the national life when in peril from foreign violence, were indeed abundant. But Mr. Shaw's dramatic picture is one of intellectual decadence, of life lived without courage and faith. The inmates of "Heartbreak House" have a butterfly air, but their sentimentality grows round a pretty hard core of selfish indulgence. Ellie's father, the romantic, the man of the 'eighties, is all for the soul and the ideal. But Ellie herself is for the body, too. After all, soul and body are one, and a rich marriage will find the former in the stuff it wants for its subsistence—books, music, the drama, society, country life. Thus English materialism, refined on its outer skin, coarse at the heart, helped to make the war from which English pluck had to find a way out.

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#### SOME TRANSLATIONS.

"Homer's Odyssey," by A. T. Murray, vol. I.; "The Speeches of Æschines," by C. D. Adams; "Plutarch's Lives," by B. Perrin, vol. VII.; "Procopius," by H. B. Dewing, vol. III.; "Clement of Alexandria," by G. W. Butterworth. The Loeb Classical Library. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net each volume.)

It has often been remarked that no translation of a classical author can hope to be final. For this there are two reasons. Our language is perpetually changing, and since Demosthenes, to take an instance, composed his speeches in the language of his own day, that Attic tongue which is the most perfect implement of human thought, he must be rendered into the best English of the time. Plautus is in a like case, for we hear in his comedies the speech of his contemporaries at the time of the great Punic war. Even with poets, though their language is not that of the market-place or the assembly, the translator has always to consider the relation of their speech to that of their contemporaries. stronger reason is the revaluation of literature which is constantly made in succeeding ages. It is true that this revaluation is not so great in the ancient authors as in our own. To Dryden's mind Chaucer was barbarous in diction and in metre, whereas nowadays few would prefer Dryden's version to the original. Pope has been dead less than two hundred years, but in that period there have been views of his poetry wider apart than the most extreme views ever taken of the Iliad. the standards differ enough to call for new translations. may indeed read and admire Pope's Homer, but we admire it not as a version of the Iliad but as a work of Pope. We follow Bentley in saying that, though it is a pretty poem, it must not be called Homer, though with us the words have not just the same meaning as was in Bentley's mind.

It is true that there are some authors of whom the translators may hope for a second vogue. There is an Elizabethan version of the second book of Herodotus, which in the eyes of the eighteenth century was merely grotesque, but our own time may find in it some of the peculiar charm of the father of history. "Alone of beasts," says our translator, "the crocodile keepeth his nether chap stedfast," and some may find a truer spirit in this phrase than in Rawlinson's, which tells us that the crocodile "is the only animal in the world which moves the upper jaw and not the under." Again, if we take a poet, Lord Surrey's lines from the end of the second book of the Æneid:—

"A rout exil'd, a wretched multitude, From each-where flock together, prest to pass With heart and goods to whatsoever land By sliding seas me listed them to lead,"

may perhaps now be preferred not only to Dryden's but even to any modern version. It is perhaps well that Dr. Johnson never read them, for he would certainly have held them in

Different translations have different ends in view. They range from the word for word crib, whose currency still bears witness to our defective methods of education, to such works as Dryden's version of the finest of Horace's Odes. In this the original stanza telling of the anxiety of Mæcenas for the due order of the State and his fears of what China and Bactria and Scythia may be plotting takes the new guise of—

"Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r, And what the city faction dare, And what the Gallique arms will do, And what the Quiverbearing foe, Art anxiously inquisitive to know."

Between the two extremes comes the perfect version, which as has often been said, should give the exact meaning and feeling of the original and yet read like an original work. The aim of the Loeb library is somewhat different from any of these. It does not claim to give us the best possible versions, but rather to enable those whose knowledge of Greek and Latin was never large or has grown rusty to perceive the meaning and follow the syntax of the original printed on the opposite page. Thus these books may be called the old man's cribs. They do not venture upon renderings in which the original form entirely disappears. No Loeb translator, we suppose, would be allowed to represent Nero's dying cry, "Qualis artifex perce!" by "The loss to art, the loss to art!"

The books are meant to be a compromise, and must be judged as such. Viewing them in this light we may say that they maintain a high standard. It was unfortunate that the translation of so familiar a work as Horace's Odes exposed itself to somewhat severe animadversion, but the volumes before us, mostly the work of American scholars, give little cause for complaint.

Mr. Murray's rendering of the Odyssey is in a style usually straightforward and unaffected. Once he fails rather conspicuously. Through Odysseus' guile in giving his name as Noman the Cyclops Polyphenus spoke a line which he meant in one sense and his fellows took in another. Mr. Murray's version is: "My friends, it is Noman that is slaying me by guile and not by force." Clearly this will not do. Henry Butcher used to maintain that the only possible version was his own: "My friends, Noman is slaying me by guile not at all by force." Perhaps he was substantially right. We regret that Mr. Murray is inconsistent in his use of the auxiliary verbs with such verbs as "come" and "go." In this matter our tongue is in danger of losing a real distinction. The use of the verb "be" gives us a true Greek perfect and pluperfect. Thus we should say, "When we arrived he was already gone," and the tense is different when we say, "He had gone there several times without effect." Mr. Murray is often right in his use, but at times he forgets the model of "How art thou fallen from heaven, oh Lucifer, son of the morning."

Dr. Adams gives us a careful version of Æschines, though he has not quite risen to the oratorical force of the original. He is least happy in his metrical versions of the orator's quotations of poetry. His hexameters and pentameters are sadly unlike Greek. Indeed, but for the setting we should not realize that the line

"Led forth an army to Troy, plain beloved of the gods" is intended for a pentameter. All Dr. Adams's pentameters end in monosyllables, a form perhaps hardly found thrice in the whole range of classical Greek literature.

Mr. Perrin continues his readable version of Plutarch. There would hardly be room for another translation of this excellent author but that our series prints the Greek also. So far as we have tested it the rendering seems accurate, but we see no justification for the use of "thou" in ordinary dialogue.

Procopius, though perhaps in some minds he suffers from an obiter dictum of Bayle's, is a sound writer, and his personal experience of war stood him in good stead as an historian. He is often said to have based his style upon that of the best Attic writers, but, as was the case with Lucian, his Attic will not bear the scrutiny of a Cobet. Nevertheless his style is lucid and vigorous, more vigorous indeed than his translator's. Mr. Dewing should surely have written the Latin names of Italian cities. His usage is inconsistent, and we find the Greek form of Taracina for the Latin Tarracina, while on the contrary Perusia does not appear as Perysia but in its Latin form.

Mr. Butterworth's version of so interesting a writer as Clement will probably attract many readers. In the early Christian Church hostility to humanism was natural enough, though it led to a one-sided view of life. Clement not only was well read in Greek literature, but evidently had an affection for all that he could hold to be right in it. He quotes the Greek poets freely, and, it would seem, from memory, for his citations are not always accurate. Thus in the invitation of the Sirens he substitutes one word for another, a fact which Mr. Butterworth, who gives the reference, seems to have overlooked.

We are sometimes told that we may cease to study the classics in the original now that we have so many excellent translations. In looking through these versions we have been more and more convinced that nothing can be a complete substitute for the original, even in the translator's own time, and, as we have said, no translation can ever be final.

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to eclipse all predecessors in its own immediate line, this was deliberately christened "The Political History of England." Already, it may be said with some confidence, this limitation to politics would be felt as impossible; and, if the field is to be restricted at all, it would be far more profitable to engineer a purely "Social History of England." Yet such a work would be premature; for the Middle Ages, at least, much of the hod-work is still to be done. We have plenty of glib generalizations, but very few which rest upon an exhaustive study of the actual documents.

Accurate and official historians, among their many qualities, have not always the quality of interest in that which most nearly touches the average person; they are apt to forget how many common-looking men God has seen fit to create, and how far such men go to make the real world, not only of to-day, but also of the past and the future. The consequence is that Political Histories of England remain mainly useful as examination On the other hand, they who write for text-books. the public which is neglected by the specialist are tempted to err in a contrary direction; their main interests generally lie among the contentious questions of to-day; and in the light of those questions they see what is often but an hallucination. Mr. G. K. Chesterton's conceptions of medieval society are based less on a positive study of medieval documents than on an ingenious process of subtraction; by eliminating from modern life all that he most dislikes he arrives at an ideal past; society was sound then, because it was what modern society is not. Yet it is lamentable that the public should be dependent upon guides who have neither the patience nor the inclination to explore before they begin describing; that the expert should cultivate an agnostic impartiality upon all really important (and therefore contentious) social questions in the past, while the brilliant amateur goes about dogmatizing like Chaucer's friar, and preaching not after the text of actual documents-for the letter slayeth—but according to the promptings of the inner spirit. If practical men are so seldom interested in history, and so unwilling to allow it any scientific value, this is not only because the study suffers from a lack of strategic direction from above, but also because so many of the rank and file proceed upon that convenient assumption of Lawyer Dempster and his friend Mr. Tomlinson that all history is a process of ingenious guesswork. Under no other assumption can we explain how able writers can plunge into medieval history as if they took John Selden's ironical adage in serious faith: "There never was a merry world since the

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"Fields of Victory." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a book of letters written week by week for transmission to America, and based upon an arduous month early in 1919 mainly spent in motoring nine hundred miles in various parts of France. Its object is to apportion the credit for the successful termination of the war between the various Allied combatants, and while Mrs. Ward admits that the task is one that requires some nicety, she cannot refrain from pointing out that she is peculiarly qualified to undertake it.

For not only the patronage of the authorities, but the co-operation of Providence seems to have been secured for the tour. It is not given to us all to have access to "the opinions of those who were actually at the heart of things-i.e., of the British Higher Command, and of individual officers who had taken an active part in the war." Nor does a mere passport enable the common journalist to say with truth: "during my own month in France I have been in contact with many leading men in many camps, English, French, and American, and both military and diplomatic, especially with the British Army and its chiefs." Still less would Providence arrange for most of us that we should stand by Field-Marshal Haig's side, looking at his own maps in his own room at G.H.Q., on the very day that his December dispatch came out; or converse with President Wilson, while a princess in black sat "playing with her pearls as she talked," "on the very day (January 25th) when the League of Nations resolution was passed at the Paris Conference"; or encounter the Prime Minister with the Cardinal Archbishop on the very day of our visit to Rheims.

It is the reticent English way to say that such things happen. But in our hearts we all know better than that. Take the events that led up to dinner with General Gouraud and his staff. Heaven helps the mistress of the pretty little note which was so great a force in the politics of unenfranchised woman:—

"I said I had been the guest of the British Army for six days on our front, and was now the guest of the French Army, for a week, and to pass through Strassbourg without seeing the victor of the 'front de Champagne' would be tantalizing indeed. Would he spare an Englishwoman, whose love for the French nation had grown with her growth and strengthened with her years, twenty minutes of his time?"

They do not, we think, order this matter so well in France, and the General will be rewarded by noticing that Mrs. Ward is able to "look back upon the evening that followed as one of the most interesting that Fate has yet sent my way."

The days were given to sterner stuff, as for instance a visit to the battlefields round Ypres, which yielded to the pilgrim something between the satisfaction of an exclusive private view and the triumph of being first through the early door:—

"One hears much talk in Paris of the multitudes who will come to see the great scenes of the war, as soon as peace is signed, when the railways are in a better state, and the food problem less, if not solved. The multitudes, indeed, have every right to come, for it is nations, not standing armies, that have won this war. But, personally, one may be glad to have seen these sacred places again, during the intermediate period of utter solitude and desolation, when their very loneliness 'makes deep silence in the heart—for thought to do its part.'"

The most conspicuous appearance of thought in these pages occurs in the reflections upon the signal confirmation of the views previously expressed by the author afforded by Haig's final dispatch. On Unpreparedness, Attrition, and Blockade their two pens beat as one. On Cavalry as against Mechanical Contrivances Mrs. Ward is not quite sure that she can go all the way with the Field-Marshal. The correspondence of "one of the most distinguished officers of the Tank Corps" and "a memorandum on Tanks organization which has come my way" have given the new weapon an important advocate, in case the series of engagements in Whitehall which centred round its begetting, birth and utilization should ever be resumed. Aeroplanes, artillery, labor battalions, signals, transport, and "the noble army of women" are all put in their places with a sagacity which

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approaches omniscience. The least prominent figure in the great canvas is the infantryman, who, to the everlasting honor of Haig, seems to have impressed himself upon the Field-Marshal not only as one who grunts and sweats and curses, but as a being liable to be dissipated into fragments by shell-fire, subject to asphyxiation and loss of limbs, to a myriad infections and incapacities, and therefore needing to be the first concern of his supreme officer, not merely the item in the list which figures as "the backbone of defence and the spearhead of attack." But tourists do not tour the ranks, and it needs a Henry V. to get on terms with John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams, whose descendants now lie in tens of thousands under the fields of We must only ask Mrs. Ward for what Mrs. Ward can provide, those subtle words in which she depicts "the special charm of the distinguished soldier, as compared with other distinguished men," that heart to heart talk after lunch with the Chief of the Staff of the Intelligence Department, packed with intelligent anticipation of American intervention and enjoyable forebodings of the outcome of Russian revolution, of which it is said that: "Only those intimately acquainted with the structure of Russian society felt the misgivings of those who see the fall of a house built on rotten foundations, and have no certainty of any firm ground whereon to build its successor."

As we know at home there is no more trustworthy guide to the structure of our English country house, from best bedroom to back stairs, than the gifted parent of a hundred well set up, womanly figures in English fiction. The same imperturbability, the same accomplishment, is spread like a glaze over these Reisebilder. "They might, of course," a glaze over these Reisebilder. "They might, of course," says the artist, "go on for ever"; and she cannot but admit that French prose about the war is "much more eloquent and effective, generally, than our own." The principle is not contravened by "Fields of Victory"; but we can imagine that these relaxations of a strenuous soul will serve to elucidate the more important activities of Mrs. Humphry Ward for the future compiler of a thesis upon the psychology of notable novelists.

#### A QUINTET.

- "Two Months." By Herbert Tremaine. (Daniel. 7s. net.)
  "The Tender Conscience." By BOHUN LYNCH. (Secker. 7s. net.)
- "Till Our Ship Comes In." By KENELM Foss. Richards. 6s. net.)
- "Free, and Other Stories." By THEODORE DREISER. (Boni & Liveright. \$1.50 net.)
  "Storm in a Teacup." By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Heinemann.

MR. TREMAINE won something of a reputation with his dry, sombre, and pitiful study—"The Feet of the Young Men"—and he is perhaps entitled to a holiday. Whether a holiday is entitled to be a scramble is another matter, for a writer should have the same consideration for his reader as for his material, and the two mean the same thing. For "Two Months" is constructed with a really wanton disregard for order and coherence. There is no con-nective tissue. It is not that we look for the trouser-press type of novel, but a young writer cannot afford to discard technique until he has learned it. Mr. Tremaine has made things worse because his novel is in "lighter because it is about the war, and because he him-an artist of proven ability. He has, in addition, self is an artist of proven ability. earned the right and distinction of being expected to take the last constructive ounce out of himself. Yet there are plenty of good points about "Two Months." The sketches of Dr. Bland, sacrificing his nephew on the Tribunal out of "patriotism"; of Mrs. Thesiger's pathetic, ludicrous, and contemptible vanity of authorship, are full of dexterous But the rest is padding and padding that doesn't fit. Mr. Tremaine is far too promising a writer to turn out

a war-novel because it is expected of him.
"The Tender Conscience" is a study of a married couple in circumstances which have not been infrequently studied before. Jimmy, the husband, is such an exemplary young man, so patient, so forbearing, so chivalrous, and so modest, and Blanche, a parasite of fashionable society whom he marries out of a fit of infatuation and magnanimity com-

bined, so thorough-paced a courtezan that the reader is apt to get rather too far ahead of Mr. Lynch for the latter's convenience. Consequently, the author is put to it to pre tend to the said reader that he is pressing him hard. This he does conscientiously, if none too stealthily. What a curse is expectation! If, however, we are content to jog along by Mr. Lynch's side, admiring his sincerity and amiable spirit, we and the book will have done pretty well.

Presumably, if you are going to write a pot boiler, total immersion is the best method. That is better than insinuating a dose of intellectualism. Certainly there are no half-measures with Mr. Foss. He takes the high dive and down he goes into bottomless sentiment. "Till Our Ship Comes In" is a story of the financial troubles of a pair of wedded lovers. We accompany them bathed in smiles or with streaming eyes from their first meeting in a bus to "another little mouth to feed soon after Christmas." And really Mr. Foss is a marvel for the way he ladles it out. If only it were not literary clotted cream, we exclaim, but genuine pre-war Devonshire! "Another time he would send her a tiny copy of Shakespeare's sonnets, or a pressed fern, which he had travelled so far as Hadley Woods to gather. With the sonnets was merely this message: 'Just to greet you in the morning while your dove's eyes are yet dusty.' In the book was the inscription 'Regina Cordium.'" Mary wept floods because she could not answer thus mellifluously. To make up, she would kiss the letter and say before popping it into the pillar-box: "God go with you!"—"which I think was rather sweet!" It makes you understand what Poppæs must have felt like after those celebrated baths of hers.

When a short story begins as follows: "In connection with their social adjustment, one to the other, during the few months they had been together, there had occurred a number of things which made clearer to Duer and Marjorie the problematic relationship which existed between them, though it must be confessed it was clearer chiefly to him "the reader properly concludes that if Mr. Dreiser deliberately adopted this method of keeping trespassers off his literary preserves he could not have chosen better. It is a masterpiece of infelicity. But it happens to be unjust to the book as a whole. The stories are indeed very unequal in merit, but they have considerable scope, variety, and breadth of treatment, as though the amplitude of the American landscape gave a wide literary horizon to her writers. We doubt if a similar collection of English short stories would have shown half Mr. Dreiser's enterprise and resource. The best story is undoubtedly "Will you Walk into my Parlor?" where a corrupt political gang of peculators employs a beautiful woman as adroit as the story to compromise the man who had discovered—but not yet revealed—its financial The setting, properties, and narrative are quite remarkably stage-managed, and the reader is kept suspended up to the very end. It is indeed refreshing to find such finished and sure craftsmanship in a writer who was not over-scrupulous in the past with his artistic devices. Some of the stories bear the stamp of O. Henry, though not so light, deft, and rich in verbal illustration. But "Free and

Other Stories" is virile and original work.

In "Storm in a Teacup" there are some particularly vivid, faithful, and detailed descriptions of the craft of paper-making, so interesting as to divert our attention from the narrative. One may know nothing about a craft, but let the man who does know expound it to you and it is far more exciting than all the fiction in the market. The problems of conduct, politics, art, morality are nearly all ested in craftsmanship. Otherwise Mr. Phillpotts's story, though told with his usual care, ability, and close observa-tion, is rather languid. It somehow lacks yeast, though the personality of the jade Medora, play-acting with two men worth a mob of Medoras, is an excellent piece of work.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

- 'China and the Chinese." By E. T. CHALMERS WERNER (Pitman. 9s.)
- To present the clear outline of the sociological history of China within a volume of 300 pages is almost beyond the power of any writer. Mr. Werner, who has lived in China for thirty years and has studied much, does his best, but

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when an accumulation of material in a history of more than forty centuries is classified under its multitudinous headings it makes rather dry reading. There are too many stark facts here for the reader to gather into a comprehensive picture of the Chinese people, their history, manners, and institutions. The author has not the gift of generalization, and soine of his sentences—for instance, his description of the "Chinese consciousness": "relatively simple, exhibiting periodic impulsiveness, improvidence, little-developed altruistic sentiments—giving rise to lack of sympathy and to cruelty—and extreme conservatism"—remind one of the literary charm of a phrenologist's cranial charts. If the book be regarded as a work of reference to be turned to when one is in difficulties there is no doubt of its value, and for this purpose it has a praiseworthy index.

# "Four-Fifty Miles to Freedom." By M. A. B. Johnston and K. D. Yearsley. (Blackwood. 7s 6d.)

This record of the escape of eight British officers, including the authors, from Turkish captivity is of more interest than the usual order of these stories. An ingenious scheme enabled the party to get clear of the prison camp at Yozgad, in Asia Minor. With the poorest of maps, badly clothed, and on a meagre diet, they tramped 450 miles across the Salt Desert (where, fortunately, a well of water was always found before hope was abandoned) and the Taurus Mountains to the sea, where they stole a motor-boat and were thus able to reach Cyprus. Frequently they were seen by hostile villagers, and once were betrayed into the hands of enemy soldiers, from whom they escaped by bribery. On another occasion they had to run under the fire of Turkish brigands, who were not good shots, however. This is a bright narrative of an exceptional achievement.

# "Five Months on a German Raider." By F. G. TRAYES. (Headley Bros. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. F. G. Trayes, with his wife, left Singapore on the "Hitachi Maru" in September, 1917, for Cape Town. He was captured in the Indian Ocean by the "Wolf," traversed that ocean and the Atlantic from the Tropics to the Arctic regions for five months, and was at last shipwrecked in another prize ship taken by the "Wolf" off the Danish coast. The timely wreck on a neutral coast saved the prisoners from internment, for next day would have brought them within German waters. Mr. Trayes gives a plain, straightforward account, free from flourishes, of this adventurous five months of piracy. The "Wolf's" success was due to her intercepting apparently indiscriminate wirelessing between ships, and between ships and shore, says Mr. Trayes. At one time she was picking up news in four languages. Her seaplane scouted thoroughly and spotted an enemy ship long before she could have been seen by the enemy, thus enabling her to evade hostile cruisers.

# "The Only Possible Peace." By FREDERICK HOWE. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

This book appears to have been finished in March. Its author, we imagine, must have realized by now that, whatever kind of Peace the world has obtained, it has not obtained the only possible peace. Mr. Howe believes that the war, and war, have their roots in economic imperialism. He guides us, with knowledge and some skill, but with too many windings and repetitions, through the story of Germany's economic imperialism. He is one of those who find the strategic and economic centre of the world in the Mediterranean, and he sees the history of the last forty years as a struggle by Germany for a world empire based on the control of that sea. His conclusion is that now that the Allies have won, they can establish the only possible peace, the internationalization of the Mediterranean, including the Balkan States, Turkey, Asia Minor, Persia, Mesopotamia. In addition to this, he demands universal free trade and the internationalization of tropical Africa. Mr. Howe must be smiling at the result of the Peace Conference.

# The Week in the City.

THE revenue and expenditure returns for the week show an improvement, and there is a small reduction in the floating debt. Unfortunately, this improvement is regarded as a merely temporary fluctuation; for it is known that the deficit is growing and that the Government expenditure is far in excess even of the Budget Estimates. Money has been dearer of late, but the market became easier on Wednes-day with short loans at 3 to 34 per cent. The rate for three months' bills is now 33 and for six months 41 per cent. Mr. Thomas's alarming statement portending a great railway strike naturally depressed home railways, and Government securities are also falling. Consols have been little better than 50, but French Loans have improved a little, the Fours being about 57, and the Fives about 72. securities, or rather, Russian insecurities, are a trifle higher, the old Russian Fives being quoted at about 40. The rubber and oil markets have been irregular, and more attention is being paid to mines. The principal feature of the foreign exchanges has been the recovery in the franc and the mark, the former being now about 36 and the latter about 95 to the £1 note. The Spanish peseta is still at a big premium, about 22 to the pound. The present writer remembers the time in peace when 30 was considered a good exchange.

#### NITRATE SHARES.

When the Armistice was signed last November the Nitrate Executive, which had been appointed as buying agent for the Allied Governments for nitrate for explosive purposes, immediately put restrictions upon dealings in order that it might unload the large stocks which it had accumulated, and this control was not released until May 15th last. Many of the companies operating in Chile consequently closed down some of their oficinas, and production for the first six months of this year fell to 191 million quintals as compared with 30½ millions in the previous half-year. Accumulated stocks, however, were on a large scale, being estimated at 1,490,000 tons on June 30th, or half as much again as at the corresponding date in 1918, and these stocks now that the shipping situation has become a little easier, are being rapidly sold. Some of the companies are already preparing to reopen oficinas which were closed last November and the general outlook is becoming much brighter. Conquently, share prices during the past fortnight have rallied considerably, the whole list showing a marked advance in prices. The demand for nitrate for fertilizing purposes is likely to be on a large scale for some time to come, and the industry should soon recover some of its former prosperity.

#### JOHN BROWN & Co.

A year ago a decline in profits was recorded in the report of John Brown & Co., the well-known Sheffield firm, but as the figure was struck after allowing for depreciation and for war contingencies it is impossible, as in the case of so many companies in recent years, to ascertain what has been the real financial result of the year's operations. The report for the year ended March 31st last shows a recovery to the figure recorded two years ago, but unknown amounts are again deducted before disclosing the figure. After providing for debenture interest, which in the past year absorbed £24,000 more owing to an increase in the debenture debt, the profits and appropriation for the past six years have been as follows:—

_		-									
	*	Net Profits.		Reserve, &c	&c.	Ord. Div.			Car. For.		
			£		£		£		0/		£
	1913-14	040	377,500	***	100,000	***	182,300		10	***	7.700
	1914-15		521,000	***	175,000	***	227,900	***	124	100	± 30,600
	1915-16	441	485,100		150,000	***	227,900	***	124	***	⊥ 19,700
	1916-17	***	494,000	***	150,000	***	227,900		124	***	⊥ 28,700
	1917-18	***	453,300	***	150,000	***	227,900	***	124	***	12,100
	1019.10		467 200		100,000		951 900		101		07 000

The preference dividend has absorbed £87,500 each year and an ordinary dividend of 12½ per cent., with the exception of the first year in the table, has been paid. The large amount required for the past year's dividend is a result of a recent issue of shares, the premium on which, £309,600, has been appropriated to the reduction of capital outlay, which stands in the present balance-sheet at £5,901,400. There are no important changes in the balance-sheet beyond the appearance of a new item—War Loan at cost, £220,000

LUCELLUM.

#### RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS LIMITED.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING of Raphael Tuck & Sons Ltd., was held at Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, Sir Adolph Tuck, Bt., Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report,

It is a bright happy feeling to be free of that long drawn out agony of nearly five years of the most devastating deadly warfare the world has ever known, and to be again able to devote ourselves, whole-heartedly and without dread of tomorrow, only to peaceful vocations.

The changed aspect of affairs is already manifest, our staff once more complete, or nearly se—I am glad to say that both

is once more complete, or nearly so—I am glad to say that both my sons are happily among the returned—and improved results are already making themselves felt in all directions.

Our actual sales during the past financial year, which includes six months of Peace, dating from the signing of the Armistice, are the largest on record, while our profits correspond with the increased turnover, and are also the largest in the history of the Company.

The increases are again, as last year, fairly spread over both our Home and Export trade, and over all working departments of the business, to which as yet none of the long planned additions have been made, and this gives the surest evidence of the firm foundations and recuperative power of our business, and but further amplifies the satisfactory nature of the Balance Sheet which it is the privilege of your Directors to bring before

Referring to the practical removal of all Import and Export restrictions since the first of this month, Sir Adolph continued:

Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, I may at once say that I am entirely at one with the views held by the Government as expressed by Sir Auckland Geddes in his recent reply to a Trade Deputation which waited upon him.

With Sir Auckland I see no cause for alarm in this decision.

With Sir Auckland I see no cause for alarm in this decision. The fears we hear expressed in many quarters that the removal of the trade restrictions on Import and Export is likely to prove injurious to British commerce, are, in my humble opinion, and assuredly so far as the business of this Company is concerned, entirely groundless.

On the contrary, we have every reason to promise ourselves a considerable increase in our trade by the opening up of markets which have been closed to us for the past five years, during which period we have produced so many successful publications which will now find their way to these markets as new and most desirable goods, and doubtless lead to additional profitable reprints. profitable reprints.

The nature, style, and quality of our distinctive British roductions, which are characteristic of the publications of his Company, justify us in looking with perfect equanimity on H competition, from whatever quarter.

The recommendation of your Directors is, that a final hividend be paid on the Ordinary Shares for the second six months at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, free of Income Tax, making, with the Interim Dividend already paid, 8 per cent. for the year free of Income Tax.

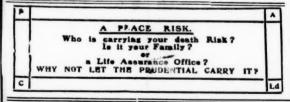
cent. for the year free of Income Tax.

The further recommendation of the Board is, to transfer £20,000 to the Reserve, £10,000 of this amount to the Special Dividend Reserve, and £10,000 to the General Reserve, and that the remaining balance of £8,411 8s. 7d. be carried forward.

No less gratifying is the outlook for the current year, which has already run nearly five months of its course, our financial year always starting, as you know, on May 1st.

The amount of goods already shipped by us to date is considerably in excess of last year, while the total of actual orders in hand, and which are being rapidly filled day by day, is also above last year's gratifying figures.

Thus, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have every reason to hope that the past year's record figures in the history of the Company will continue (we will, of course, do our best to eclipse them), and that the new era of prosperity which set in last year will be maintained for many years to come.



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Afterness 2.30 to 5.

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